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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

VOLUME XLIV.—No. 348.
Price Ten Cents.



HE PAID FOR HIS MASH.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CLUB MAN WITH A WEAKNESS FOR CHAMPAGNE AND THE GENTLER SEX WHICH BROKE UP ONE OF THE NEWEST AND NEATEST NEFARIOUS BUSINESS PARTNERSHIPS OF GOTHAM.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, May 10, 1884.

GREAT OFFER.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,
The Best Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,
The Spiciest Dramatic and best Story Paper in America, illustrating the Sensations of the Day.
These two great papers will be mailed to any address in the United States three months for

\$1.50.

Send on your subscriptions at once. Sample copies mailed free on application.
The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

A GREAT STORY!

In No. 57

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS
Will be commenced the Serial Romance of the Year. Be ready for

BILLY, THE BOXER;

OR,

A LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By Edwin F. De Nyse.

The same number will contain the opening part of

THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE.

A series of instructions in the art of compounding all the beverages known to civilized mankind, by

An Old Bartender.

Don't forget No. 57. Out Saturday, May 10.

"BILLY, the Boxer."

PATTI has gone, but we continue to exist.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER is a real political daisy.

ELLEN TERRY is no longer with us, but we survive.

LOGAN and Lincoln don't speak now as they pass by.

CHINA wants peace with France before she is all broken up.

HENRY IRVING has left us, but we haven't begun to die of melancholy yet.

THE bartenders of America will do well not to miss No. 57 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, out May 10.

THE age of miracles is not past. A mirror has been made large enough for David Davis to see himself in all at once.

THE racing season in England has opened with a set-back for Plunger Walton. He may have to swim home this time.

MRS. LANGTRY says she is in love with America. America has paid enough for the bliss her statement credits us with enjoying.

BEAUTIFUL spring has sprung upon us at last. So has the spring poet. The remains of a few of the latter can be had for manure, cheap, at this office.

ANOTHER shipload of victims has been sent off to the North Pole to be frozen to death. This isn't called murder, though. It is merely scientific research.

As if the Irishmen and their dynamite were not enough, the earthquake now steps in to shake John Bull up. If that don't loosen his grip on old Ireland nothing will.

THERE will shortly be commenced in the POLICE GAZETTE a series of the most fascinating and romantic sketches of the real life of Gotham ever printed, all superbly illustrated.

"LADIES with long hair are wanted by John Brown, dramatic agent." Gentlemen with long ears will probably be the immediately successive attraction. Luckily the woods are full of 'em.

THE American tourist is now beginning to turn his back on this low country to spend the money he made here in Europe. Let him go. We can get along without the man ashamed of his native land, and even if he never came back the native land would survive the shock.

STUDY "The Bartender's Guide," in No. 57 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, and find out what you drink and learn to mix it yourself.

THE revelations in regard to the Union Club made by the Loubat-Turnbul trial are extremely edifying. But they don't make Mr. Loubat out any more of a gentleman, though they show up some of the cads in the club.

THE Gilbert & Sullivan ballad declares that the policeman's lot is not a happy one. But all things considered it is not so very unhappy either. Some idea of it may be obtained from the picture on our back page.

THERE is trouble among our militiamen, and the sappy young dudes who loaf about the armories have got something to talk about besides the girls they have seduced and the prostitutes they take money from.

IN No. 57 of the Week's Doings will be commenced a magnificent serial story of life in New York, by Edwin F. De Nyse. "Billy, the Boxer" will be found away up head. Don't miss his first round, or you'll never forgive yourself.

A RACY Washington scandal is the divorce suit in which General Carroll is the defendant. The boys in the regular army, oh, are not behind the age. When it comes to scandals they can hold their end up with any branch of the community.

JOHN R. WHALEY, one of the leading sports in Cincinnati, is dead. He was sixty-five years of age, and was a native of Pennsylvania. He attended the sporting events at Saratoga for years, and made them pay so well that he died worth a quarter of a million.

"THE Bartender's Guide" will begin in No. 57 of Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings. It will contain such full instructions in the art of mixing drinks of all kinds that any one can become an expert compounder of beverages from its directions. It will also give a full list of the fancy drinks of the world, and will be found as invaluable by professional bartenders as by the general public.

VICTORIA NORTH, who used to be one of the belles of the Rentz-Santley crowd, and whose "mashes" only a year ago were as the sands of the sea for number, is now lying ill and destitute at the Balmer House, Louisville, without a friend and without a dollar. Such is life—and such is the variety "biz."

H. J. BYRON, the dramatist, is dead. He was a very clever but very selfish and grasping person, who made fame and fortune by the perpetration of some of the vilest puns ever got off in the English language. Although he had received thousands of dollars, it is said that a benefit will be got up for his wife and family.

THE Ham Fair has been the latest sensation of Paris. All the hamfisting actors and actresses of the city attended it. It is a peculiarity of the French professional clown, male or female, that they never lose an opportunity of making a show of themselves; even if in the company of hogs. Their resemblance to the American actor and actress will be perceived at once.

FRANK MORDAUNT, who has already had two wives and suffered accordingly, was foolish enough to marry a third last week in the person of Laura Wallace. Shortly afterward he ran across Mrs. Mordaunt No. 2 (who has been married at least once since her divorce from the connubial connaisseur) and a "run in" occurred between the distinguished couple, which resulted in poor Frank's spending one more night in a station-house. The Mordaunts and their rows are getting to be a worse than monotonous nuisance, and somebody ought to squelch them in the interest of public decency. As "fearful examples" of what the "profession" can turn out in the shape of domestic discord, they certainly collar the motto.

"POSTERITY," an "operative and dissipation," was produced for the first time on any stage, March 10, at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, England, by Lila Clay's Company, entirely composed of ladies. "Posterity" is in one act (written by Augustus M. Moore, music by Herr Meyer Luty), and proved a success. This "lively trifle" is designed to afford a prophetic glance at the high state of civilization which it is supposed will be attained in about 200 years hence, when it is conjectured that ladies will have succeeded not only in overcoming all barriers to perfect equality with men as regards matters domestic, social and political, but will be able to assert their supremacy in an indisputable manner over the degenerate sex. Inasmuch as the piece is to be performed entirely by ladies, one is naturally curious to know how "Posterity" gets any show.

SEE No. 57 Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings, for "Billy, the Boxer; or, a Life's Mystery."

No. 57 of the Week's Doings, containing the opening chapters of the great serial, "Billy, the Boxer," will be out on Saturday, May 10.

BELASCO, the author of "May Blossom," fainted on the stage of the Madison Square on the first night of that play. No wonder. A man who could write a play like "May Blossom" ought to be ready to die. The unanimity with which the dramatic papers have gushed over this aggregation of bad English and dramatic rot is, by the way, astonishing. There never was much brains or honesty about the theatrical press, anyhow. Now there seems to be none at all.

INSANITY is an affliction, but over on Long Island it seems to be regarded as the worst of crimes. No jail could be kept in anything like the condition the descriptions of the Flatbush Asylum show it to be in. It is no wonder men prefer death to an insane asylum, when such holes as the Flatbush inferno are continually being shown up by the press. The fate of poor Charley Delmonico is infinitely preferable to life in such hells as modern medical science provides for the most unfortunate people under the sun.

THE editor of the London Truth evidently knows the fair sex well. He says he wouldn't trust a lady to write a paragraph about another lady in his paper. It shows what a dirty gang the English aristocracy is, by the way, that though one of its members got the editor of the World sentenced to imprisonment for printing a lie written by a titled woman who is a relative of the complainant, that venomous spiteful has herself escaped prosecution. It wouldn't do to bring her into court, you know. She is a lady, with a big, big L, and her title saves her from justice.

THE Actors' Fund benefits have been dead failures all over the country. The public which supports and is swindled by the pretentious frauds and paupers of the profession the year around, will not turn out to pay for supporting them when they become victims to their own debaucheries. This is as it should be. If the actors want a fund let them make one themselves. They are the least worthy and most overpaid members of the community. A pack of vagabonds to whom society owes nothing but a jail. It would be well for society if this debt was oftener paid.

THE late Duke of Albany was cursed with a complication of diseases inherited and acquired, sufficient to carry off a whole family, not firmly anchored as the Guelph family is to the national treasury. He was scrofulous, epileptic and paralytic, but the immediate cause of his death was a severe spasm, which was quite too much for his frail frame and weaker brain, and he collapsed. Yet the highest medical minds in England have been puzzling to find something polite and complimentary as the cause of the Duke's death. They wouldn't have experienced any hesitation in discovering that he had died of too much rum if he had been plain John Smith.

THE Queen of Tahiti is a very respectable, but commonplace, colored woman. She derives her title from an island of mild and inoffensive savages away off in the South Sea. But because she is called a queen her movements are reported in all the papers, as slavishly as those of any European potentate could be, and men who claim to be intelligent and respectable crawl and fawn at her feet. If this was in Europe no one would wonder particularly at it. But in Europe she received less slavish adulation than she does here. No wonder the foreigners who come here to see a free country go away with contempt for us. We deserve it.

POOR THING.

THE following speaks for itself:

EXETER, N. H.

Richard K. Fox:

DEAR SIR—I am about to ask a great favor of you, and I will trust to your generosity to answer this note.

I am a young girl about sixteen years old, and am considered quite good-looking only for one thing, said thing being that I have a very *honest* nose. What I wanted to know is this—do you know of any means by which my nose might be made pretty; do you know of any doctor or other person in New York who would be willing to perform an operation on my nose? Money would be of no consequence to me if such a person might be found, for I have a great plenty of it at my own disposal.

If you know of any such person in New York, or any other place, you will confer a great favor on me by sending their address. Trusting to your generosity to answer this, and also to consider it strictly private.

I shall have to receive your letter under a *pseudonyme*.

Please direct to

MOLLIE HANSCANE,

Box 342, Exeter, N. H.

We are sincerely grieved at our inability to oblige you, Mollie, but the advance of modern surgery has not yet reached the point necessary for your purpose. The only hope we can suggest for you is to have your nose amputated and wear a wax one.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit Culled from Many Sources.

A SOFT spring—The jump of a cat.

GUNNERS should wear neckties of shot silk.

A SWEEPING argument should always have a handle to it.

WELL watched—The pickpocket with several time-pieces.

A BUCKING horse is frequently the power behind the throne.

A CANAL-BOAT has been named Freddy Gebhard. His fame is now complete.

A MAN always feels late after trying to paint the town red. So we've been told.

WHEN a New York family have trouble with the Irish servant they try to Bridget over.

THE farmer is very precocious. No sooner is the spring well started than he goes to seed.

"WHAT are you doing with that revolver, Johnny?" "Studying trigger-ometry, mamma."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed little Edith, upon her first entrance into the roller-skating rink; "they're all on casters, ain't they?"

"THIS is the sweetest thing I've seen in bonnets this spring," said a man to his wife, as he picked a honey-bee from her hat.

WHEN Adam first kissed Eve, the latter said: "You just do that again if you dare?" and then looked up to see if it was raining.

No poet, an English paper tells us, has yet worn the garter. Probably because poets as a rule cannot afford to wear stockings.

A ST. LOUIS man is happy when the river rises high enough for him to sit on the sidewalk in front of his house and fish in the coal-hole.

It is a curious fact that no matter how green one is in the use of the telephone, the moment he puts his mouth to the transmitter he turns yellow.

SOME one asks: "How long is a man a bridegroom?" Not very long. In a majority of cases he becomes "short" before the wedding tour ends.

FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air; Full oft the filthy oleomargarine

Is served as premium butter from a fair.

AN amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flew.

"YES," sighed old Mrs. Gumto, "that accident was horrible. When I read about it it exaggerated me so that I couldn't decompose myself for several hours."

A PAINTER was employed to paint the name A. Blunden over a shop-front, and having put the last letter "n" instead of "u," was reprimanded for making "a blunder."

A SIGN in Cleveland reads: "Ice Cream Saloon." But even the best educated girl in Ohio can read it when she is out for an evening walk with her young man.

IT is easier to put a pair of cuff-buttons into a new pair of four ply cuffs with your finger-nails cut down to the quick than to tell when spring has really set in to stay.

"WELL, if you can't get a divorce for me I'll poison my husband," remarked a Western bride to a divorce lawyer; "I'll discharge the girl and do the cooking myself."

IT is said that "if you play on an accordion near an oyster the oyster will open its shell." Very likely this may be true, but it is a mighty mean trick to play on a poor, helpless oyster.

"YES, I am really sorry," said the hen-pecked husband; "sorry to know that our forests are being so rapidly destroyed. When they are gone I'm afraid they will make broom-sticks of iron."

A YOUNG married woman complains that her husband is constantly telling her "not to give him any of her lip." And yet before they were married he never seemed to get enough of them.

"THE shingle is useful," the little boy said, "Supplying a number of wants; Pashlinged the barn, ma shingled my hair, And sister the seat of my pants."

A CIRCUS man named Sells, who is now showing his show in Ohio, has caught the spirit of the times. He advertises the "only coal-black sacred elephant in the world. There is no limit to the ingenuity of showmen."

"So you say your husband loves you, Mary?" "Oh, he does wildly upon me." "Indeed; but he'll soon get over that." "What makes you think so?" "Because men generally soon get over sowing their wild dots."

"THAT young man is a pretty hard nut, isn't he?" inquired Yeast of a young neighbor, in speaking of a fellow that had just passed. "No, I don't think he can be a very hard nut," was the neighbor's reply. "You see he's cracked."

HEREDITARY selfishness: Little Baroness—"Mamma, our governess says all men must die, and when children die they go to heaven and are called angels. But when one of us dies, mamma, she is called an angel, isn't she?"

"WHAT sort of a place is that, pa?" asked a little boy of his male parent, while they were out walking. "That's a beer-garden." "I didn't know beer grew in gardens." "There is a great deal of it raised in gardens, my son."

A LITTLE boy was sitting by the bed of his grandmother, who was very ill. "Ah, my poor boy," she said, "I am very bad; I am going to die." He looked very much mystified for a few minutes, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Why will you die? Does God want an old angel?"

MRS. D. (looking up from her paper)—What a lot of queer things there are about the white elephant!

MR. D.—I have not noticed anything remarkable.

MRS. D.—Why, here's an item saying that its name is "Tung Toolong."

MR. D.—Tung Toolong! Mrs. D.—Yes. Mr. D.—Hum! Must be a female elephant.

STAGE WHISPERS.

What the Magpies Murmur Around the Union Square Offal Heaps.

Slimy Slanders on Their Best Friends, and a Good Word for No One But Themselves.

STOKES.—It is reported that Katie Stokes will soon return to the ring. Good.

MORRIS.—And now they say Clara Morris is going to do "Nadjeza." Poor Barrymore.

"RUSH."—The *Skipper* complains of a "rush" of advertisements. Just so. They do rush—past our esteemed contemporary.

RICHMOND.—Harry Richmond has joined the "Pop" company, from which John Mackey lately seceded. Harry is hardly a set-off for John.

WELBY.—The funeral cortege which bears the remains of this extinguished actress is on its way to New York. May her grave be kept green!

MEYER.—Mucous Meyer says that Henry Irving made \$225,000 net this season, and whatever Mucous says he phlegmatically sticks to, so it must be true.

ABBEY.—Henry Abbey sails for Europe on the 3d of May. He goes for a little change—something which, as an ex-operative manager, he surely needs.

MAHDI.—An enterprising dime museum manager is exhibiting El Mahdi on the Bowery. He may be a false profit, but his quick returns are undeniable.

CROWELL.—Miss Alice Crowell is the name of a Paterson belle who eloped with Henry Morton, a circus-rider. She was recaptured by her irate father and taken back to Paterson.

BIRCH.—Billy Birch's benefit turned him in about \$3,000—not much to a man like Birch, who had his thousands in bank, but quite a good deal of money these hard times, all the same.

GOTTHOLD.—Newt. Gotthold, an excellent actor, has resigned from Tom Keene's company. Newt, has probably got hold of the idea that he is "a bigger actor than old Keene." So mote it be.

SWAIN.—Carrie Swain is to have a second or third shy—which is it?—at the holy estate of matrimony. She is accused of an intention to marry her manager, Charles B. Palmer. Guess not.

STINSON.—In Fred. Stinson's bankruptcy, which was lately recorded in Boston, his liabilities were put down at \$3,763, and his assets nil. Stinson says Fred. is his own ass—et wherever he is.

WEATHERSBY.—Poor pretty Elnie Weathersby has been finally buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. Her sister Lizzie has never recovered from the shock of her death and is said to be very low-spirited.

WOOD.—Rose Wood has permanently retired from the stage, and lives with her charming family at Long Branch. Louis Morrison, by the way, is the lucky man who has a Rose Wood wife of his own.

DEVERE.—Sam Devere, in such poor health, according to his friends, that he will not take out any combination next year. Sam may be weak in body, but he seems to have a powerful head on his shoulders.

MORRISSEY.—The fact that Jimmy Morrissey disappeared from public ken about the time that an Asylum for Incurables was opened in Boston is regarded by people who know him as extremely significant.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes has broken out again. Competent authorities rank him with the erysipelas and even give him a preferred place as a reason-disturbing influence to absinth or the gin-jams.

BAYLEY.—It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Eric Bayley thinks of "starring" Mr. Louis Morrison next season. Incredible as the report may appear, it is said that Bayley is "fabulously rich." So we should think.

MINER.—Harry Miner was horsewhipped in his own theatre the other night. The outrage was committed by several of his friends, and the implement of castigation was ivory-handled and gold-mounted.

HICKEY.—John M. Hickey's "Rip Van Winkle" company has climbed the golden stair. The principal reason of the collapse is said to consist in the fact that there was more "snide" than Snyder in the company.

BELASCO.—David Belasco's fainting-fit when called as "the author" of "May Blossom," is said by people who saw it to have been the cleverest "bit" of the entire evening's performance. He was simply dead-letter perfect.

PEYSER.—Dave Peyser has been engaged by "Cully" Smith to "represent," as the phrase goes, his "Between Two Fires" company. It is said that if an average man were between Smith and—the other place—he would take the latter fire.

ST. MAUR.—Harry St. Maur, having practically abandoned his desperate effort to incarnate the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and Dick's "British Drama" in his own particular person, has become a singularly agreeable companion.

STEVENS.—Mr. John A. Stevens evidently does not think that the Park theatre is in a condition to receive its fulguring touch yet. He says that Mr. Haverly is not going to lease it. That, by the way, usually settles the fate of any theatre.

FREW.—Charlie Frew, the comedian, is now the proud husband of Miss Eva Barker, the soubrette of the Baker & Farron company. He says he is quite Frew with single happiness, and intends to go in for the double-barreled article exclusively.

ROGERS.—Poor, dear old Katharine Rogers has come down to playing *Cynthia* in "Pygmalion and Galatea." And not many years ago she was starring at *Ortaca*. They say that she declares she wishes she had been dead before she ever met Dion Boucicault.

WALLACK.—Our grandmother's "mash"—our grandfather's envy and idol, Lester Wallack, has sufficiently recovered from the malady which afflicted

him, to take once more to the stage. He will shortly reappear, as usual, "in a line of his favorite parts." Good boy!

FIZZLE.—The Actors' Fund benefit was a hideous fizzle, and only \$2,000 was raised for it by actual performance. The rest was grudgingly subscribed. It is more than clear that the Actors' Fund is on its last legs, like every other institution of the same sort established for the "profession."

KRUGER.—Jacques Kruger, who is an extremely funny comedian—infinitely funnier than almost any so-called "comedy star" now on the road—is to get a show next season. Frank Sanger is going to revive "Dreams," and Jacques will once more play his old part, that of the *Photographer*.

EDOUIN.—That dear, good, generous, noble-hearted creature, Willie Edouin, is to import a burlesque company from Hold Hingland next season. Alice Atherton will be one of the company. Dear Willie will chip in somewhere. If it fails, why dear Willie can fall back on the diamond business.

YORICK.—As we predicted, London is disgusted with "Yorick's Love." So it will be with "Francisca da Rimini." Both are namby-pamby, talky, far-fetched and cram full of affectation. But there seems to be no doubt that Lorenzo, the Magnificent, made a hit.

RASORI.—There's a chap in Mapleson's company who calls himself Rasori. It is rumored that he used to be a barber. Charlie Mapleson says that he owes his fame to the fact that he can be quite cutting when he feels like it, and is given to shaving upper notes.

BANCROFT.—It is gravely announced that Helen Bancroft is going to take her farewell of the stage shortly. She can take nothing wherewith the stage will part so gladly without—although it does look as if the lady were a rifle premature in declaring her intention to stop acting before she ever really acted.

LOTTA.—Gus Pennoyer will be Lotta's manager next season. What the veteran Augustus doesn't know about management isn't worth knowing. It is a good safe bet that Augustus, however, will weaken on the contract before he gets through with the highly-accomplished offspring of a pair of Crabtrees who calls herself Lotta.

MILN.—George C. Miln is "resting" in Chicago. The ex-reverend *Hamlet* was utterly used up in his heroic but futile attempt to keep up the perambulations of the financial specter—in other words, not only wouldn't the ghost walk, but the balance of the company indulged in the luxury of a quiet strike. Ta, ta! George!

SALVINI.—Tom Sullivan, the clever Dublin tragedian who is masquerading under the name and title of Tommaso Salvini, has made a mash—a brambush—of the dowagers of England. In his capacity for grappling on to the hearts of the susceptible septuagenarians, Tom is said to come very close to our own adorable Perugini.

DOUBLE FACE.—"A White Plains woman was recently delivered of a child that had two full and perfect faces. The one face was in its proper place, while the other was on the side of the head. The child lived but a short time after birth." What a pity such a good beginning for a successful actor should have been thrown away!

ROBSON.—There is an almost incredible rumor going the rounds that a man somewhere out in Kansas wrote to Stuart Robson to congratulate him on his marvelous versatility. The search for the writer, which is being diligently pushed through the State lunatic asylums of Kansas, will likely end in the identification of the fellow.

STEBBINS.—About the only member of the Eastern "Lights o' London" company (which has been playing in New York lately) who can act at all is Miss Genevieve Stebbins, the young lady who, when she was an amateur, contributed, under the name of Agnes Loring, the money which established the original Madison Square theatre.

BOCK.—Fred. Bock goes to England next month. His salary is to be paid by O'Donovan Rossa. The idea is simply fiendish, and, if it is carried out in all its diabolical cruelty, the English will surely retaliate in kind. They may even go to the length of sending Barry Sullivan out here for a series of "farewell performances." Think of it!

WHEEL.—Sydney Rosenfeld says the new comedy which will open the season at Daly's Broadway theatre next season is from his nimble pen, and will be called "The Social Wheel." Syd., who is married to the pretty and clever Eugene Holzmeier, says that, being a "hub" himself, he has got the wheel business down to a very fine point.

JIMMY.—"Jimmy" Duff, the boss Jonah of the managerial "profession," having collected all the other Jonahs of the "artistic" band into a comic opera company, is going to produce "A Night in Venice," by Strauss. If he can be persuaded to let John Stetson put his lucky eye on the speculation—the net result will be something tremendous, see if it won't.

IDIOT.—In Paris, France, recently, it is said, the Countess Kissler gave a dinner to assist in bringing out the daughter of Mrs. "Bonanza" Mackay, and, with the idea of furnishing something that should be strictly American as a part of the entertainment, twenty banjoists were hired to play and sing such nationalities as "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie's Land."

McCONNELL.—D. H. McConnell, the strapping manager of Haverly's theatre in Brooklyn, will play *De Mauprat* in support of Fred. Ward, on May 17th. This, in itself, is an attraction which ought to fill the house. McConnell, who is the soul of good nature, rehearses the part three times a day, and is already dead-letter perfect in the first sentence of his first speech.

VALLERIA.—Mrs. Hutchinson, who, under the stage name of Alwina Valleria, experienced the ingratitude and fickleness of the New York public this last season, has sailed for London never to return. Although an American, she is so disgusted with the codfish aristocracy of New York that she says she'll be flattered if she'll ever sing before it again—or words to that effect.

BARTON.—The mysterious absence of Jim Barton from the gaudies and gossip of the Square, seems to be explained by the statement in a London newspaper that "a young man with the head of a calf" has been announced as on exhibition at "La Scala," a *café chantant* in Paris, France. The description seems to fit Jimmy to a "U"—but it may be a case of mistaken identity after all.

LEVY.—Levy continues to toot at Theiss' beer garden. Just fancy the favorite horn-blower of his Imperial Nibs, the Russian Czar, reduced to the necessity of tilting in the chinks between beers in a Fourteenth street free concert hall. Dear! oh! dear!

BOUCICAULT.—Poor old Boucicault is still hanging on by his finger-nails to his reputation. The Catholic priesthood has denounced him as the libeler of his church, and the accuser of his race, and what makes it all the more painful is that nowadays he can't turn it to account as advertising. The dear simple public has got tired of him, and he can't catch its ear-drum and blow he never so loudly.

DUFF.—The rumor that John Duff has changed his mind and won't go with the Broadway company to London, has cast quite a gloom over the British public. They were promising themselves a great treat, and wanted to compare him with "Ham" Griffin. A mischievous wag, it seems, had started the report that Gus Daly's father-in-law was a greater curiosity even than "Our Mollie's" stepfather. Too bad.

TURN.—As usual, the POLICE GAZETTE called the turn on the middle-aged young lady who calls herself Helen Barry, and the play which Casauran calls "The Fatal Letter." They do say it is the latest performance and the dizziest piece ever imposed upon the good nature of a paying audience. The volume of "gush" about Helen which has been lately running like a freshet in the papers, has shrunk down to the smallest dimensions. The fair Englishwoman had better change her mind about "coming to stay."

TRACY.—Helen Tracy says she isn't a Jewess and she hasn't been married. Strange to say, she seems to have got very mad over the flattering rumor. Actresses are so seldom accused of lawful matrimony that it is hard to understand why Helen blazes out into such a resentful denial of a well-intended and exceptional compliment. Never mind, Helena. In the case of a lady who Tracy's her descent through Christian channels, it is only a Jew despoise to hint that she is the Sheeney.

GERSTER.—Mme. Gerster's magnificent generosity in subscribing \$1,000 to the fund raised for the family of Lombardelli, who died suddenly in San Francisco, made her the idol of the Californian public. Patti, who chipped in a mean, miserable, measly \$150 is biting her finger-nails to the very quick. With envy, hatred and malice and uncharitableness she says that Gerster did it for the sake of the "ad." Gerster says she's a—well, not very lady-like person to tell such a whacker. Meanwhile, Mapleson keeps up a broad grin.

NEUENDORFF.—Adolf Nenendorff, who is to be congratulated on cutting theatrical management in New York, and who is doing famously in opera, has married his *prima-donna*, the fair and fascinating Jauchowsky. He saves a salary by the heroic act and, by giving her his own name, protects Fanny Janauschek from the alarming rumor, due to a similarity of names, that she has been seized with a senile yearning to shine in light opera. Those, by the way, who take notice of Fanny's walk upon the stage say she was evidently cut out by nature for heavy rolls.

BROWN.—Hurray! Hurray! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray! T—gah! "Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A.—and, bliss unspeakable! Mrs. Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A.—have returned from Europe." Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A.—and Mrs. Col. T. Allison Brown—also U. S. A.—"have secured several novelties in Europe." Incredible! "They are said to be wonderfully clever, and do everything but talk." Who? Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A., and Mrs. Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A.? Not at all. The allusion is to a pair of performing elephants secured by Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A., and Mrs. Col. T. Allison Brown, U. S. A.—in Vienna!

PILLOT.—Mr. Frederick J. Pilot writes: "Athol Mass, April 9. Will you kindly mention in your paper that Mr. F. J. Pilot, who was for seventeen years the business manager of Miss Fanny Janauschek, never was married to her, nor has Miss Fanny Janauschek been married to anybody else. F. J. Pilot severed his business connection with Miss Janauschek for the last three years. My name is so much connected with her that I beg most sincerely to state that I have no connection with her or her company whatever, thank God." Why "thank God"? One would imagine that the fellow who really did marry Janauschek would have a good deal of wife-to-be thankful for.

H—U—.—Vincennes, Ind., is an aesthetic city, whose inhabitants enjoy only the most classic stage performances. Lately, Janauschek played "Mary Stuart" to a large and very refined audience of that cultured burg. In the scene between the two Queens in the garden of Mary's prison, while kneeling a suppliant at Elizabeth's feet, Mary's blood asserts itself, and she denounces Elizabeth as a bastard. At a convenient pause, when the royal rivals were glaring at each other and pausing with emotion, the silence was so marked that one might have heard a pin drop. And one did drop. A voice from the northeast corner of the gallery yelled: "G—d—her, give her h—." This injunction from a god evoked a furor of approval.

SKIN.—George Gillespie, of Liverpool, England, and Robert Hughes, of the same place, made affidavit here April 11, says our Philadelphia correspondent, "to the effect that 'Light of Asia' Forepaugh's sacred white elephant, was an ordinary animal which Forepaugh's agent bought from Cross of Liverpool, and which was artificially colored with a composition of Paris white and a pinkish, flesh colored composition, both containing size; that these preparations were applied about fifty times before the animal was shipped to America, and that, in consequence, blisters, boils and sores appeared on various parts of his body. The affidavit also stated that if this process is continued the animal will die, and that Fulford, a man who had assisted in the coloring process, offered Gillespie an engagement with Forepaugh on condition that he would say nothing concerning the elephantine fraud. Proprietor Adam Forepaugh indignantly denies these statements, and has had his elephant examined by Dr. Joseph Leidy, professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania and one of the greatest zoologists now living, and Dr. Forbes, a professor of Jefferson Medical College. These gentlemen have each published certificates to the effect that the animal's skin is perfectly healthy, and has not been tampered with in any way whatever, and that the elephant is of a variety hitherto unknown in this country." Jesso! This white elephant business seems to be all a matter of skin.

MOLLIE WARE'S REVENGE.

Finding Her Betrayer in a Mountain Cabin, She Kills Him and Becomes Insane.

This tale is taken from a "wild Western" exchange. Clang! Clang! Clang! The harsh sound of an unmusical bell was heard in the distance down the gulch, sometimes clear and distinct as the wind wafted it to hearer, at others faint as the echo of its own discordant noise. Everything, however, was lovely in the mountains, and the bracing breezes of June coming from their home amid the snow brought the color to the cheek and an elasticity to the step which was well calculated to make the old feel young again and the invalid to gain a new lease on life.

Clang, clang, clang, the sound comes nearer, and now up the steep trail from behind a wooded promontory the long procession of a burro train approaches with a slow but sure gait, and flies on to the mesa, where, beneath a clump of pines, a halt is made and preparations started for the noonday meal. With the pack train, consisting of some thirty burros, which were conveying provisions to the mining camp of Montecita, which was still some miles further up, were several horsemen, or, more properly, three horsemen and one horsewoman, mounted on sure-footed ponies. This one woman formed a curious and striking picture as she emerged from the pines and came into full view. Her flushed cheek and bright, sparkling eyes, together with a firm that was grace itself, was something rarely seen in that altitude. Yet in the face was the expression of a stern purpose, inflexible as iron and as lasting as life itself.

"Ain't you most ready to give up your wild scheme, Mollie?" asked one of the men, as he assisted her to dismount.

"Never, so long as there is breath within me," answered she, and a wild, vindictive light shone from eyes erstwhile so gentle and almost pleading in their softness.

"Just as you please, sister, but I think only trouble can come of it."

"Trouble will come," said she, fiercely, "but it will fall upon the heads of the guilty, who have caused it."

Finally the signal was given to remount, and everything having been repacked, the trail was resumed, and the sun was gliding only the higher summits, leaving the valleys in somber shadow when the camp was at last reached. The brother and sister dismounted before the largest cabin in the camp, which was the only one in which strangers could find accommodations, if rough board-bunks, covered with buffalo skins and blankets, could be called such. However, the cabin boasted an inner room, in which the lady was shown, and where she could at least be private, if not particularly comfortable. The next morning as soon as breakfast was eaten, the brother saddled the ponies of both, and they started up the gulch. After going perhaps some three miles they reached a clump of pines, beyond which there was a solitary cabin. Bidding the man, with an imperious air, to remain there within call, she rode straight to the door of the cabin, dismounted and entered. Just exactly what transpired within was never known, only that after some fifteen minutes of waiting, the brother heard the report of two shots from a revolver and the scream of a woman, but a demoniac that it seemed as though it was caused by a legion of fiends in chorus. With a horrible apprehension of what had taken place, he tremblingly rode to the door, and, entering, beheld a fearful scene. There, weltering in his gore, was a man who had hardly reached the prime of life, and yet handsome in his coarse miner's suit, with his head supported by the woman Mollie, who was rocking it to and fro and singing a horrible lullaby, the burden of which was, "Now we'll get married; you won't run away again, will you, poor dear?" The brother saw it all—she had killed the man who had betrayed her under a promise of marriage, and was now a raving maniac. He rode back to camp for assistance, and she was with some difficulty taken from the dead body amid her wild cries, and the next day a sorrowful return journey was made, and poor Mollie Ware is now an incurable and raving maniac in the asylum at Pueblo, Cal.

BROUGHT DOWN "HIS GAME."

John Dickerson and John Pusley were suitors for the hand of one of the most lovely belles of Chilton county, Ala. The lady showed decided preference for Pusley. Dickerson, however, concealed his chagrin and continued his suit without intermission. When, six weeks ago, Mr. Pusley and his lady-love were married one of the most effusive well-wishers of the couple was Dickerson, who monopolized the bride's attention almost to the exclusion of the new-made husband. When a few days later the couple were established in a charming rural home Dickerson made himself quite neighborly, and all thought of resentment over his rejection by the lady was completely forgotten. Still it was claimed by those who knew the man's character that he was harboring revenge for a convenient season. John Dickerson, with his brother George, borrowed Pusley's gun to go hunting. They did so, and on returning in the evening they found Pusley standing at his front gate. Asking the hunters if they had seen anything to shoot at, John Dickerson replied, "No, d—n you, but I see something now," and leveling his gun he fired, the bullet speeding through Pusley's heart, who fell where he stood, and died immediately. Dickerson made his escape and has not been heard from. His brother George was arrested as an accessory to the killing, and is now confined in jail.

JUSTIFIED IN DEFENDING HER HONOR.

In the District Court at Waterloo, Iowa, April 21, Mrs. Emerson, of Livermore, Ia., who shot and killed a man named Stevens in Waverly in June last, was acquitted of the charge of murder. Mrs. Emerson lost her husband two years ago. She said that she first met Stevens while on her way to Dubuque to place two of her children in the Catholic asylum at that place. On her way back she met Stevens again, and when they reached Waterloo City, he persuaded her to go to Waverly with him, telling her that she could reach her home as quickly by going that way. At Waverly they went to a hotel, and were shown to separate rooms. After she had gone to her room Stevens came to the door and said that he wanted to speak to her. She admitted him, and he sat down on the lounge and she on the side of the bed. He soon afterward began to behave improperly. She screamed, but hearing no response she drew a revolver, hoping by this means to compel him to desist. The revolver was discharged, and the bullet struck Stevens in the head. He died the next morning, and was unable to make an ante-mortem statement.



J. C. SEELEY,

ARRESTED AT CLEVELAND, O., CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD EASTERN MERCHANTS.

however, they deny. Detective Roger O'Mara, of Pittsburg, arrested in Cleveland J. C. Seeley and Miss Emma B. Perkins, who are charged with complicity in the alleged offense of conspiracy to defraud the creditors. Seeley and Miss Perkins ostensibly kept a store in Cleveland, which was stocked with goods which J. M. Stringer claims to have bought from Clay Bros. and sold to Seeley on a judgment note for \$12,000. Miss Perkins is a half-sister of Stringer. Secured in this Cleveland store were found forty cases of goods, worth about \$15,000, which the authorities seized. The information upon which the Clay Bros., Stringer, Seeley



MISS EMMA B. PERKINS,

ALLEGED TO BE THE FEMALE MEMBER OF THE CLEVELAND FIRM OF CONSPIRATORS.

robber and then placed on the track in order to cover up a crime, and such is now known to be the case. The dead man, whose name was Carl Steidle, came from Sedalia a few days before with William Hamilton. Upon their arrival at Warrensburg Hamilton, who was an ex-convict, was met by an old jail companion, named Charles Hamilton, and between them they decided to murder Steidle for his money, and then place his body on the railroad track, and let the train run over it. This plan was carried out, William Hamilton knocking Steidle down with a club, after which his brother Charles jumped upon him and choked what life there was left out of him.



J. M. STRINGER,

ALIAS "REDDY, THE FISH," CHARGED WITH BEING ASSOCIATED WITH SEELEY AND MISS PERKINS.

A Large Business on Small Capital.

The recent failure of a firm known as Clay Bros., doing business on Diamond street, Pittsburg, has led to the arrest of several parties, who are charged with a conspiracy to defraud Eastern merchants.

G. W. Clay a few days ago confessed judgment to his father, Ephraim Clay, for \$21,000. Creditors, hearing of this, became alarmed, and the Clay Bros.' affairs were investigated.

It is claimed by the creditors of the Clay Bros. that after they made an assignment they shipped a large quantity of goods and sold them under a fictitious name. This,



BILLY HAMILTON,

WHO JOINED CHARLES HAMILTON IN THE BRUTAL MURDER OF CARL STEIDLE.

and Miss Perkins were arrested was made by Clarence H. Swearingen, representing some New York firms, before Mayor Fulton, of Pittsburg.

It is claimed that the Clay Bros. had been in the habit of purchasing goods on credit and selling them below cost. One instance of this was where they bought \$300 worth of matches from a Pittsburg firm on credit, and then sold them at \$1 a gross less than they agreed to pay for them. The Clay Bros., under advice of their attorneys, declined to make any explanation of the matter. It is thought the amount involved reaches about \$40,000.

Stringer is a man about town, who gets his alias, "Reddy the Fish," from the fact that he was some years ago engaged in the fish business. He is not supposed to be over-burdened with wealth, although he claims to have bought the goods regularly and given his note for \$10,000.

A Supposed Accident Proves to be a Murder.

On Monday, March 31, the dead body of an unknown man was found in a mangled condition on the railway track near Warrensburg, Mo., and it was supposed that he had been killed by the cars. A big gash on the side of the man's head, however, led some to believe that the stranger had first been killed by a



CHARLES HAMILTON,

THE CONFESSED MURDERER OF CARL STEIDLE, A PENNSYLVANIAN, NEAR WARRENSBURG, MO.

They then secured \$125 and placed the body on the rails, where it was run over by the early passenger train from St. Louis. The cut on the head led to an investigation, and both men were arrested, and subsequently confessed to the crime, each trying to lay the blame on the other.

There was fear at first that the pair would be lynched by the infuriated mob, but the jail was strongly guarded, and there is no doubt but that the monsters will be legally hanged.

REV. MERRIT N. CAPRON, of Leyden, N. Y., has been deposed by the Methodist Episcopal Conference for immoral conduct.



WAR ON THE WIRES.

HOW A YOUNG WIDOW WHO KNEW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF RESENTED THE APPROPRIATION OF HER ROOFTOP BY A TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



MURDEROUS BROTHERS.

THE FATAL SHOOTING OF ROBERT B. RIALS, OF HAZLEHURST, MISS., BY DR. R. G. PENN AND HANCE B. PENN, IN A QUARREL GROWING OUT OF POLITICAL DIFFERENCES.

Death of a Brave Officer.

Policeman Eugene Barker, of Newport, R. I., died on the morning of April 22, at the hands of a desperado named William Shay while trying to arrest the man. The murderer and James Alderson were in a saloon on Levin street. Shay quarreled with Alderson, and, drawing a revolver, fired, the ball entering Alderson's skull. Alderson ran out of the saloon crying

murder. Some one told Barker, who was near at hand, that Shay was desperate, and advised him not to enter the saloon. Barker replied:

"I must. I have to do my duty." These were his last words. He went to the saloon door and beckoned to Shay, who fired at once, the ball entering Barker's left eye. He fell on the floor and soon died. His young wife, whom he married three months ago, arrived in time to see him expire.

After Shay had fired at Barker he jumped out of the saloon door, and seeing Alderson, chased him up the street as far as Bellevue avenue, where Alderson, followed by Shay, entered a grocery store. Shay began firing again without effect. Alderson suddenly jumped upon Shay, and succeeded in downing him. Then the desperado was arrested.

The feeling against the murderer is so bitter that it requires only some one to take the lead

to rid the community of Shay by Judge Lynch's summary process. After his arrest he made an attack upon four policemen, injuring one. He had to be severely clubbed before he could be handcuffed.

CAPT. JOSIAH WHITE, a leading citizen of Little Rock, Ark., was murdered April 20, by James Ellis with a shot-gun. An old feud caused the affray. Ellis escaped.



DEATH OF A BRAVE OFFICER.

HOW POLICEMAN EUGENE BARKER, OF NEWPORT, R. I., WAS KILLED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ARREST WILLIAM SHAY, A NOTED DESPERADO.



BOUND TO THE TRACK.

HOW A PARTY OF BOYS, ENDOWED WITH NATURAL CUSSEDNESS, CAME NEAR MAKING A MARTYR OF ONE OF THEIR PLAYFELLOWS AT PORTLAND, ME.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. XIV.

A BRUSH WITH PRYOR.

SHARP WORK AND LIVELY WORKERS.

Father Dillon's Brandy-Flask--A Dram Which Proved Too Much for a Reporter's Caution--A Funny Story's Serious Ending.

It was late in the afternoon when the writer reached the scene of operations on the railroad on his return, and Col. Murphy informed him that the advance brigade of three regiments was still at Hebron Church with a section of the battery waiting in line of battle for the enemy to advance and have another fight. There had been several skirmishes during the day, but the enemy was rather timid and seemed to doubt the operations of his foe. Pryor advanced cautiously, as if fearful of a trap. Murphy said, by way of accounting for this timidity of the enemy:

"They shouldn't have advanced my reserve brigade so far to the front. It's because he sees my New York Irishmen lying in wait for him here that he's in no hurry to come on."

That may have been the reason, but, whatever it was, the rebels were unusually cautious and lacking in their old and habitual impetuosity. There was a pattering desultory fire of sharpshooters away out to the front, and a bullet whistled by the reserve occasionally, but there was no exciting event in progress. The reporter took advantage of the lull to ride to the front and inspect the field. A turn in the road brought him under fire, and the bullets sung by with a frequency that was decidedly unpleasant. The writer is not one of those heroes who never know what fear is, who go to battle as the bridegroom seeks his bride. He never met one of those fellows on the field, but has read of them in books and papers and has even heard them talk of themselves in bar-rooms. However, he is none such. He never went into an engagement gayly. He always began by being afraid--experiencing a mortal terror and a decided disinclination to die or to be even hit at just that time. This feeling came over him when he encountered the singing bullets at the turn in the road. A bursting shell is not so terrible a thing. The explosion is only sound and fury, signifying nothing, and the swish of the razed piece of the missile as it goes by your head, while it startles, does not demoralize the thinking man. You know it is all a matter of luck whether you are hit by it or not. You know it was not aimed at you especially, and you don't consider yourself necessarily a very desperate gamester when you decide to venture on the hazard of the die and take your chances with it. But that accursed single-prowling rifle-bullet that sings by your ear as you ride along. You know there was a man behind the rifle that sent it, squinting over a sight. You know that bullet had a mark, and you're that mark. Perhaps he only missed you by a hair's-breadth. Perhaps he'll make a better shot next time. Whew! Again! Who wouldn't be just a little demoralized? Well, the writer was, at any rate, and he took an early opportunity of dismounting and sought refuge in a clump of trees at the roadside, where two or three wounded soldiers of a Massachusetts regiment were lying. Seating himself on the ground, with his back to a tree, and consequently to the enemy, who kept up a hot fire of sharpshooters as the spiral clouds of dust raised by the ricocheting bullets on the roadway gave abundant proof, he proceeded to note down the wounded men's account of the morning's skirmishes. While engaged in this task the writer was accosted by two equestrians, who drew rein on the dangerous road to chaff him. Looking up from his note-book he saw before him the tall figure of Gen. Corcoran and the rubicund visage of his favorite priest, Father Dillon. Both were all aglow at the spectacle of the reporter.

"Upon my soul, this is fine!" burst out the General, with his faint suggestion of brogue; "if here ain't the *Herold* man skulking--hiding behind a tree, while the *Tribune's* parson reporters are all out to the front getting all the news. And the papers blowing about their brave reporters, too! Ow! Ow! Come out here, man, and go to the front with us and see what you report."

"I've got no business out there making myself a mark for skirmishers and sharpshooters," replied the cautious reporter.

The bullets were singing fiercer than ever--a regular *Belian* air, and were raising the dust in various spots at the feet of the horses with an alarming frequency and a decidedly unpleasant proximity.

"Come out here, man, and have a look," persisted the General.

"It's a foolish risk for nothing and you are not justified in it yourself out of mere curiosity," replied the reporter, still hugging his tree.

"I dare you to come in the road, then. Here's Father Dillon's got some good brandy in his canteen. I dare you to come out and take a drink."

This was too much. The reporter boldly arose (what reporter wouldn't under the circumstances?), led his horse out to the road and there pledged the reckless General in a gurgling bumper of Father Dillon's tipple.

It went to the head at once.

"Now mount your horse and come to the front with me," said Corcoran.

The reporter felt reckless, too. He mounted and the three rode to the front. The advanced brigade was in line of battle in an open field surrounded by woods, two regiments posted at the right of the road, one at the left, and a section of 24-pound Parrott guns unlimbered and in position for immediate action in the road itself. The infantry had torn down the rail fences of the field, and were lying behind the rails for protection, awaiting the enemy.

One of the regiments on the right of the road was the Tenth New Jersey, Col. Ryerson. This officer rode out to converse with us. Col. Spear, whose small cavalry force was massed close at hand, also joined the party, and a lively conversation was struck up among the group. There was no sign of the enemy. It was apparent that he was expected to appear from the woods in front, for the cannon were pointed in that direction, and the attention of the recumbent infantrymen was fixed in the same direction. The reporter inquired and learned that the enemy was known to be advancing slowly through that piece of dense woods. He depended on the warning that would be given by the firing of the pickets when the enemy encountered them to get further to the rear. Had he known that all the pickets had been drawn in he would not have sat and chatted so confidently. About ten minutes after, the enemy's skirmishers, having crawled out of the woods, arose suddenly from midway of the field in a straggling yellow line and gave us a volley, which our men answered savagely with artillery and small arms. Col. Ryerson was detaching a funny event of the morning at this moment. He was shot through the neck, his story ending in the middle of a sentence, and the *raconteur* falling headlong from his horse a corpse. In an instant every saddle was emptied except that of the reporter whose green horse cut up such capers under the fire that he could not dismount without incurring the imminent peril of breaking his neck. It was only after he had been carried out of range by his frisky steed that he found that the animal had been shot through the shoulder. This accounted for the friskiness which had kept the scribe in the saddle five minutes, a mark for all the stray bullets in a remarkably hot skirmish. All in the little group except Ryerson, escaped! other injury but a trifling scratch and a slight wound or two. We held our own, and this ended the fighting for the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RUINED SOCIETY WOMAN.

A middle-aged woman, poorly dressed and dispirited-looking, but still showing traces of high breeding and great beauty, sat in the Quarter Sessions dock, Philadelphia, April 22, charged with the larceny of some trifling wearing apparel. Her plain black dress was faded and bedraggled, and a bit of frayed lace was tied around her neck. Her head was covered with an old summer hat of black straw, trimmed with a bit of brown ribbon. Her hands, clasped together, rested in her lap, and tears chased one another rapidly down her cheeks. She was indicted under the name of Margaret Miller. She said that the clothes, tied up in a bundle, had been given her to carry by a woman whom she became acquainted with while she was in prison for intoxication, and that she did not know where they had come from. The jury, nevertheless, returned a verdict of guilty, and the woman was sent to the County Jail by Judge Mitchell for thirty days. The name Miller was an assumed one. The woman once lived in Arch street, and moved in the most exclusive society in the city. Her husband, now dead, was widely known. She has two sons, one of whom is an officer of a national bank, and the other has an extensive medical practice. The woman has fallen into habits of intemperance, and run through her estate. She feared that her name might become known and her shame fall upon her children. No one came near her in court. She was, however, provided with a lawyer, whose fee was paid by a well-known and elegantly-dressed society man.

RAPACIOUS ROOSE REPULSED BY A WIDOW.

A very sensational case of shooting, in which a pretty milliner figured rather prominently, occurred Saturday night, April 19, at Hudson, Ohio. A married man named James Roose called at the residence of Mrs. Billiter, a handsome widow, and asked to see her. A child, a daughter of the lady, took the message to her mother, who came to the door. Upon reaching it Roose made an indecent proposal to her, which she resented by striking him in the face, and at the same time made an effort to shut the door. Roose caught the lady and pulled her out on the porch. She began to scream and struggle violently, and the man, enraged, threw her off the porch into a pool of water. The lady struggled to her feet and grasped a revolver which her little daughter thrust into her hand. Roose fled immediately when he saw the weapon, but before he got out of range the lady fired three shots at him, one of which took slight effect. The village was aroused, and Roose pursued and captured in a field after a hard chase, and taken to jail. He has always been considered a good citizen, and has a wife and one child. Mrs. Billiter is a lady very much respected. The only excuse offered by Roose is that he was under the influence of the ardent. There are threats of lynching.

DOGS EAT A BOY.

Henry Barlow, an eight-year-old boy, of puny build, deaf, and of weak mind, the son of a respectable farmer, of Cochrane, Ga., was recently found by James Mullis lying in one of his fields, his new suit of clothes torn into shreds and scattered about the field, while the child's body was torn and bleeding from the head down. In a distant corner of the field, stood four ferocious sheep dogs licking their gory chops. They had attacked the little fellow as he was going through the field, and from the signs around, had dragged him fully fifty yards. The dogs had chewed through his stomach, and into the entrails; nearly all the flesh was gnawed from the arms and legs, and it is supposed was eaten by the dogs. The child was still breathing when found, and as Mr. Mullis touched him he opened his eyes and plaintively said: "Mr. Mullis, your dogs bit me." Mr. Mullis quickly raised the child, and, taking him to the house, laid him on the porch, when he again spoke and asked for his father, who was then hurrying toward him. Mr. Barlow arrived just in time to see his child gasp the last time and sink into the sleep of death.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE."

A week ago we paid a visit to the office of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and there was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Fox, the proprietor, and by him shown through the building. A reader of the *GAZETTE* while examining the finely executed cuts or engravings, can in a measure form some idea of the establishment or source from whence the paper first sees the light, but a visit is necessary to understand fully the number of hands, heads and brains, required for such a paper, and in our language there is but one word that can express its immensity, and that is prodigious, which we utter in its fullest sense. --*Brooklyn New Era*.

THE CHAMPION BICYCLISTS.

The Wonderful Riders of the Flying Wheels Who Have Beaten Man and Beast.

[With Portraits.]

We publish this week portraits of John S. Prince and Mile. Armaindo, the champion bicycle riders, whose latest feat was beating the celebrated rider, Charles M. Anderson, in the six-day horse vs. bicycle tournament, riding twelve hours a day, which terminated at 1 o'clock Sunday morning, April 20. Anderson had a change of fifteen horses, and Prince and Miss Armaindo alternated on the bicycle. The two latter made 1,073 miles, the best on record, beating the horses 1½ miles. Their previous records are given in the following sketch:

John S. Prince, the champion bicycle rider, was born at Langley Green, Worcestershire, England, Nov. 27, 1858, and is therefore twenty-five years of age. He was apprenticed to a brass-founder, but left him, at the age of seventeen years, to become a professional cricketer. As a bowler he soon distinguished himself, and for three years found constant engagements all over England. He then dropped cricket, and at the age of twenty years took up the bicycle.

His first public race took place in the fall of 1879 with John Keen, the English champion, who conceded him 100 yards start in a mile. There were from forty to fifty starters, among them Ralph, now champion of Australia, who had 100 yards. Prince won easily in 2:58. The stakes were \$100, and the race was decided at Roodend, near Birmingham. His next race was at Smethwich, in Worcestershire, the same year, when he defeated Patrick and many others in a mile handicap in 3:06, he starting at scratch. Prince afterward won as many as thirty medals and prizes on the same track, which is one of 6 laps to the mile. In 1880 Prince, with 80 yards, won a mile handicap at Roodend, defeating Keen, Ralph, Patrick, Phillips and others in 2:51. At Willenhall, Staffordshire, he defeated Palmer, Owen, Ralph and several others in a mile handicap; time, 2:53. He won three handicaps in 1880 on that track. At Bournbrook, Birmingham, he defeated Slater, Whitehouse, Howell and others in a mile handicap, with 30 yards start, in 2:53, easily beating the back man. In the same year he won two one-mile handicaps in succession at Wolverhampton. The first, with 80 yards start, he won in 2:45; the second, with 50 yards start, he won in 2:51. The cracks of England were in these races. In the third race, with 30 yards start, he finished second by 1 foot; time, 2:46. Afterward Keen gave him 20 yards start on the same track in a mile for \$100 a side, in the presence of about 6,000 people, and was defeated by Prince by 2 yards in 2:51. The next race Prince entered was for the one-mile championship at Lester. The other starters were such men as Howell, Keen and Cooper, all going from scratch, in heats. In the first heat Howell beat Keen by a yard in 2:53. In the second heat Cooper, who was supposed to be one of the best men in England, and who had defeated Keen about as many times as the latter had beaten him, met Prince. Eight thousand people witnessed this race, which resulted in a dead heat in 2:56. A quarter of an hour's rest was allowed, and after a desperate struggle, the last lap of which both men were neck and neck, Prince won by 3 yards in 2:51. Prince was allowed ten minutes' rest only to get ready for the final heat, and was unfit to meet such a fresh man as Howell, who won by 2 yards in 2:53. Prince defeated De Civy, the French champion, in the mile scratch race at Wolverhampton, in 2:58, and Dorkidren, the "Flying Dutchman," in a twenty-mile race at Birmingham on a twelve-lap track, by 1 lap, in 1h 6m. He also won races from Edmonds, champion of Wales, James, Wood, Edlin and many others. He was defeated twice by Keen in England, and within the last three months has twice beaten Keen in America. He came to America in September, 1881, and defeated Fred. Rollinson five times for the championship. He met Woodside, the champion of Ireland, and Morgan, the champion of Canada, and defeated them three times each. He beat Fry, of Marlboro, Mass., twice for the mile championship, and in 1882 he beat the best four men in America in a twenty-mile race, allowing a fresh rider to every 5 miles. In two matches with Mile. Armaindo he gave her 5 miles start in 50 and 3 in 25, winning both races. H. W. Higham has been beaten by Prince for the short-distance championship several times, and so have Wilson, Young, Miller, Nelson, Harrison, Morgan and Woodside.

The champion's measurements are: Height, 5 ft 9½ in; weight, 172 lbs; chest, 43 in; thigh, 23 in; calf, 15 in. He is a citizen of Boston, which has been his home ever since he came to America. His last notable performances were on the Pacific Coast. At San Jose, Cal., he defeated the trotting-horse Capt. Lewis in a ten-mile race, making the last quarter in 37½s, and at the Oakland Driving Park, Cal., he defeated the trotter, Ed., in a twenty-mile spin, the pace being so fast the last half that the horse had to run to keep anywhere near the champion. He has to his credit the following best records in America: 1 mile, 2m 51 2-3s; 5 miles, 15m 15s; 10 miles, 31m 3s; 50 miles, 2h 59m 15s. And he also holds all the best records in America up to 450 miles. Prince is ready to race any man in the world for any reasonable amount.

Mile. Louise Armaindo, champion lady bicyclist, was born at St. Anne, near Montreal, Canada, Oct. 12, 1860, is 5 ft 2½ in in height, and weighs 131 lbs. She first learned to ride the bicycle Oct. 20, 1881, being taught by Prof. F. S. Rollinson. She learned in two days, and on Feb. 4, 1882, she made her first appearance in a race against Rollinson at Louisville, Ky.; distance 25 miles, she receiving 4 miles handicap. She won by 1½ miles; time, 1h 38m 30s. Feb. 25 at Cincinnati, Ohio, she again defeated Rollinson in a twenty-mile handicap, with 2 miles start. She made 13 miles, while Rollinson rode 19; time, 1h 15m 30s. Also defeated Rollinson at St. Louis, March 4, in a twenty-mile handicap, track 17 laps to the mile; time, 1h 19m 49s. March 9 to 14, at St. Louis, she commenced the feat of riding 600 miles in 72h, 12h each day, and was credited with riding 617½ miles, at that time the best long-distance performance in America. At Toronto, Canada, April 6, she defeated T. W. Eck in a ten-mile race, Eck stopping at 7 miles; time, 42m 13s. Same place, next day, won a twenty-mile race, 1 mile start, defeating Rollinson and Eck; time, 1h 21m 4s. At Montreal, April 21, won a ten-mile race; time, 40m 17s. April 23, same place, won a hundred-mile race, defeating Eck and Rollinson; time, 7h 53m. At Boston, April 29, defeated Ida Blackwell, five-mile race; time, 19m 50½s. Boston, May 25, was defeated by John S. Prince, in a fifty-mile handicap, she being allowed 5 miles. Prince won by 30 ft; time, 3h 12m 38½s. Baltimore, June 12 to 17, 6h daily, defeated W. J. Morgan by 21 miles, making 351 miles; track 14½

laps to the mile. Philadelphia, July 17, she defeated Elsa Von Blumen, five two-mile heats; best time, 7m 33s. At Coney Island, Aug. 5 to 10, she and Von Blumen were defeated by W. J. Morgan in a 36-hour race, Armaindo making 236½ miles in her 13h. Same place, Aug. 13, defeated Von Blumen by 12 miles in a fifty-mile race, making the then best outdoor record in America--3h 31m 14½s. At the Polo Grounds, New York, Sept. 2, she was defeated by John S. Prince in a 25-mile handicap, receiving 3 miles start; time, 1h 38m 40s. At Springfield, Mass., Sept. 20, she won the ladies' race; no lady competing with her, she rode against T. W. Eck; time, 20m 5½s. Norfolk, Va., she was stated to have ridden 67 miles in 6h, on a track measuring 26 laps to the mile. Cleveland, O., Dec. 25, she rode 100 miles against time; track, 15 laps to the mile; time, 8h 54m 10s; stopped 30m for supper. Chicago, Jan. 1, 1883, won 21-mile race; time, 1h 39m 24½s. Chicago, May 21 to 26, she was the winner of the first real long-distance race for the championship of America, and she is, we believe, the only woman who ever won a championship race against men at any athletic game. She defeated W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan in that race, making 543 miles 1 lap, the best long-distance performance in America; Morgan, 620 miles 1 lap; Woodside, 723 miles 2 laps. Janesville, Wis., she again defeated Woodside and Morgan in a 12½-mile race, riding 40 miles each evening; track, 23 laps to the mile. She took the lead, and won by 3 laps, gaining 1 lap each night. At Milwaukee, Wis., June 18 to 23, won a handicap race, 3h each day. She received 30 miles start, Morgan 12 miles, Woodside being at scratch. Score: Armaindo, 201 miles 2 laps; Morgan, 265 miles 3 laps; Woodside, 277 miles 7 laps. Milwaukee, June 23 to 30, 2 hours each evening--Morgan 5 miles start, first, 103 miles 2 laps; Woodside second, 102 miles 2 laps; Armaindo third, 101 miles 7 laps. Chicago, July 3, defeated Maggie Wallace, of New York. This race was to have been 24h, 12h each day, but Miss Wallace quit after going 23 miles, when Louise had done 40 in the same time. July 4, at Chicago, she attempted to beat W. C. Young's record of 149 miles in 12h 45s. She was credited with riding 140½ in 11h 55m. This was her last notable performance. She has engaged in 43 other exhibition races, but not actual contests. In Milwaukee she rode 1 mile in 3m 28s, 16 miles in 1h, and 45 miles in 3h.

At San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 21 and 22, in the 26-hour race, she was defeated by Higham and Prince, although her score of 233 miles was ahead of all previous American records; in that race she beat T. W. Eck, Frank H. Hart, the pedestrian, and Chas. Hull, of San Francisco. At the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, she rode 2 miles on outdoor track, 7m 23s, and at San Jose, Cal., she defeated a trotting pony in a half-mile dash, in the wonderful time for a woman, of 1m 38s, against 3m 12s clip; this is her fastest performance, and was done on a trotting track. She was selected by John S. Prince as his partner for the great six-day race against Chas. M. Anderson to use 15 horses against the bicyclists. She will give any woman in the world 20s start in 1 mile, and ½ mile start in 5 miles, or she will ride against any six women in the world a six-day race, 12h daily, and allow them to change every day, or she will race any two women in the world a six-day race, 6h daily, and allow them to change every hour.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 55, out Saturday, April 26, contains: Bandits of the Big Bridge; How the great thoroughfare between New York and Brooklyn is becoming a modern rival of Hounslow Heath; superbly illustrated. Canal Polly: the story of a life that was wrecked in quiet waters; how a dandy produce-broker won his admission ticket to hell; a scoundrel who wouldn't find Countess Slip a healthy neighborhood; the sad fate of a belle of the racing canal; superbly illustrated. Col. Matt. Blanchard: how a once famous sport got his first start in life; game from the word go. Passion's Devotes; women whose love is lust and whose touch is pollution and shame; Chicago's fair devil-fish. Drifting to Death; how Celine De Chervieres won her husband. Gotham's Slide Dudes; the clerks and counter-skippers of the metropolis. A Rainy-Day Drama; what comes of not taking care of your umbrella. Explosive Mustard; illustrated. Perfuming the Bride; illustrated. The New Dynamite Scare; illustrated. Long Gone's Baby; illustrated. Their Marriage Certificate; illustrated. A Hen Loose in Court; illustrated. Another Jennie Cramer. On Der Square. Piker Sharps and Flats. The Plompter. The Prowler. The Referee. Billboard.

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COWHIDED BY A RABBI'S WIFE.

The wife of Rabbi H. Schuhl, of Dallas, Texas, administered a severe castigation, April 18, to a prominent young Hebrew named Ben. Hirschberg, recently married. The corrective used was a cowhide, which Mrs. Schuhl applied most energetically until secured and held by several gentlemen who witnessed the sensational scene, which was enacted in the heart of the business center, near the Merchants' Exchange. The reason she assigns for her conduct is that Hirschberg has caused the ruin of her home and happiness by being the accuser and persecutor of her husband, who two years ago was the principal in the notorious synagogue trial on charges of scandalous relationship with a Jew woman named Flora Pratt. Hirschberg's young wife was with him and witnessed the scene, and threw her arms about Mrs. Schuhl to prevent her striking, and begged of her for an explanation of it. Mrs. Schuhl says she is sorry she was prevented from doing more; that she is not yet done, and that Hirschberg shall not live in Dallas if she can prevent him.

DYING IN HARNESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Julian Martinette, an old circus clown employed with Sells Bros. circus, fell dead recently, while endeavoring to amuse a tentful of people with merry jokes and antics. He was in the act of perpetrating the old-time mother-in-law joke when he suddenly reeled, put his hand to his head and fell dead in the ring. The audience thought that his drooping so suddenly was a part of the programme, and laughed and cheered as the circus jester lay dead on the sawdust. His death is supposed to have been caused by heart disease, resulting from over-excitement. He was sixty-three years of age, and was at one time proprietor of the Martinette & Ravel Pantomime company. He had been with Sells Bros. for one week only. He lived in Baltimore and leaves a family in that city. The remains were interred in the "Elks' lot" in Lorraine cemetery, Baltimore, on April 22.

CUDDIGAN'S CAREER.

A Faithless Lover Who Ran Away With His Cousin and Went West.

They Torture a Pretty Girl to Death and Fall into the Hands of Vigilantes.

A few weeks ago the newspapers of the country gave briefly the news of the lynching of Michael Cuddigan and his wife at Ouray, Col., for the murder of a little girl named Rose Matthews, whom they had adopted. The earlier career of Cuddigan, which was marked by a most romantic affair, not heretofore published, was related by a gentleman conversant with the facts. The entire story from beginning to end sounds like a romance.

Almost fifteen years ago Michael Cuddigan and Maggie Costello lived in the same neighborhood, a short distance from Chicago. They had been raised together almost, and their families were on intimate terms. Both were young and in their teens, and many looked upon them as the bride and groom of a wedding not far distant. But a change in the relations between the two occurred, and soon young Cuddigan departed for the West, leaving few, if any one, with a definite knowledge of where he intended to locate. Probably two years ago Maggie was overwhelmed with suspense to receive a letter from her friend, Michael Cuddigan who was at Ouray, Col. It was the first she had heard of him in fifteen years. She had about come to the conclusion that he was dead. The letter was brief but interesting. Michael said he had heard by letters from his folks that she was still alive, and he wanted to renew the old bonds, and now proposed for her hand. He had been successful during his long sojourn in the West, and could treat her as a good wife ought to be treated.

Maggie did not act with haste. She pondered over the letter, and showed it to the folks by whom she was employed, and told them of her former connection with the man. She replied to the letter, but gave no answer to the proposal for her hand. A brisk correspondence was kept up for a little while, and finally Maggie wrote Michael that if she could see him she might then make up her mind to marry him. This brought Cuddigan East, and, arriving at Chicago, he put up at the Palmer House. He wore diamonds, dressed well, and carried a roll of over \$5,000 in cash. It was given out that he was worth over \$50,000. Miss Costello saw him and accepted him. The wedding-day was set for the Christmas holidays. Thursday was the day on which they would be made one. Extensive preparations were made for the wedding, which was to come off at Oswego, a little town near Chicago, where her mother resides. The day before the wedding Cuddigan went to a little place near by, saying he wanted to bid good-by to all his relatives. That night he did not return. The would-be bride waited patiently until night, when word came that Cuddigan had run off with one of his cousins. It was not long before Maggie recovered from the shock sufficiently to resume her old place in Chicago. The next heard of the cowardly Cuddigan was a few weeks ago, when the news came that he and his bride had been lynched.

Cuddigan and his wife lived near Portland, a small place ten miles from Ouray, which is a mining town in the extreme southern part of the State. Soon after his return West with his wife, Cuddigan adopted a little girl named Rose Matthews, through a Catholic priest. The child was seldom seen out with the other children in the vicinity, and the neighbors frequently heard cries of pain in the house. One day a neighbor chanced in the house and saw Cuddigan kick the girl in the neck while she was lying on the floor. One day the poor thing was found by a man hunting cattle crouching under the shelter of a hay-stack, near Cuddigan's house. She was seemingly unconscious. That night she died. The next day Cuddigan sent to Ouray and procured a coffin, and buried the child without a permit or notifying any of the neighbors. The suspicions of the people were aroused, and finally the coroner went out from Ouray and exhumed the body and had a post-mortem examination made. It was proved beyond doubt that the child had been the victim of the most terrible ill-treatment, which caused her death. The body was covered with scars, the limbs having been cut with a knife and burned with a hot poker.

A body of citizens went to Cuddigan's house, and while part of them made him and his wife prisoners, the others looked through the premises and found in the loft some old bags on which the child had lain. These were stained with blood from her wounds. The prisoners were taken to Ouray, and a preliminary examination commenced, but continued to allow them to secure witnesses. This irritated the Ouray public, which was already satisfied beyond doubt that the Cuddigans were guilty of murder. The prisoners were imprisoned in a hotel, and guarded by the Sheriff. Between 1 and 2 o'clock at night a band of vigilantes went to the hotel and dragged the two out and took them outside the town limits. A rope was placed around the neck of Mrs. Cuddigan, who rent the skies with her wild screams for mercy. The rope was thrown over the ridge-pole of a house, and she was hoisted into eternity in the presence of her husband. Cuddigan was then taken further out and hanged.

AN IMPOSTOR MASHING ACTRESSES.

Charles Frohman, the young and handsome manager of the Madison Square theatre, has got three of Inspector Byrne's detectives hunting for the scalp of a tall young man with a mustache, who has been traveling around New York for the past month representing himself to ambitious young actresses as Charles Frohman, striving to capture their hearts on the strength of the real Mr. Frohman's fascinating powers. Mr. Frohman told Inspector Byrne that the only resemblance between the bogus Mr. Frohman and himself was that the impostor seemed to have plenty of money in his pocket. Without paying particular heed to this remarkable and ingenious clew, the detectives hunted around until they found that the young man with ducks and a mustache had written to several score of nice young theatrical ladies, and signed the name of the genuine Mr. Frohman to glowing promises of brilliant engagements at the Madison Square theatre and instructions to meet him in front of that place of amusement. When they met him he generally took them out to dinner or sent them on wild goose chases to other managers, with notes recommending their high talents to the managerial attention. A mustache is not one

of the adjuncts of the real Mr. Frohman's tidy personality. He is clean shaven and round. He said: "This forger hasn't tried to get any money on the strength of those forged letters. He seems to be merely on the mash. Now you know it's a regular imposition for him to do that sort of thing. If there is any of that work to be done in my name, I want to do it myself and reap the benefits. It will take me a good three weeks to set myself aright with the galaxy of young ladies who imagine they can play star parts. As near as I can find out, my unknown double has kindly arranged that at least twenty-seven different actresses shall play the heroine. It's too much of a good thing, and it's got to be stopped."

MIKE CLEARY.

[With Portrait.]

We publish this week an excellent portrait, recently taken by Wood, of Mike Cleary, whose recent wonderful feat of knocking out Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, in less than no time, has made him the talk in sporting circles. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, in 1857. He is a powerful young gladiator, possessed of great muscular development. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weighs 175 pounds. Cleary has gained a great reputation as a pugilist. He is a clever, scientific boxer and can deliver a tremendous blow. He has fought only one battle in the prize ring, that on March 22, 1876, with James Weeden, the pugilist who killed Philip Koster, better known as Walker, in the prize ring. In the battle with Weeden Cleary proved that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a first-class pugilist and displayed great courage and stamina. He beat Weeden in thirty-eight rounds, which were fought in 1 hour 38 minutes.

Upon the arrival in this country of Charley Mitchell, the champion of England, Cleary challenged him to box for a three-minute round for a percentage of the gate receipts. The match was arranged, and the pugilists met in the American Institute, in this city. The contest ended in favor of Mitchell, who had decidedly the best of the encounter. Cleary returned to Philadelphia, where he was then keeping a saloon, sold out his place and returned to New York. He opened the well-known sporting resort 270 Bowery, N. Y., and made it, by hard work and able management, the leading sporting house on the Bowery. About four months ago Cleary posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge to fight any pugilist in America, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$2,500. No one accepted the challenge, and Cleary withdrew his money.

Cleary's last engagement was knocking out Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery, on April 13, which has already been published in the POLICE GAZETTE, and was the shortest glove fight on record. Cleary is very popular in this city, and several sporting men induced him to come on to New York and go into business. He is open to meet any man in a fair stand-up fight, and will be heard from again before the end of the year.

RIDDLED TO DEATH BY TWO BROTHERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. R. G. Penn, and his brother, Hance, are now in jail at Hazlehurst, Miss., where they were remanded without bail, to await trial at the coming term of Circuit Court, for killing Robert B. Rials, a former bar-keeper of Hazlehurst. All the young men lived in Hazlehurst and were raised there, and all were Democrats. The affair was of a personal character. The testimony taken at the preliminary examination showed that on the morning of April 8 Rials met the Penn brothers on a prominent street-crossing, and desired an amicable settlement of the alleged differences existing between himself and Hance Penn, which probably grew out of a drunken spree last Christmas. Hance Penn put his arm around Rials' shoulder, at the same time plunging a dirk into Rials' neck. The ensuing fight was with pistols. Hance fired one shot, when Dr. Penn came forward and fired a shot into Rials' head from the rear, and as he fell he was struck over the head with the butt of a pistol and shot in the back. The dead man received seven wounds, five of which, Dr. Oates reported, would have produced death. Rials instinctively discharged his revolver twice during the affray, but without effect; he was already dying.

The public was considerably aroused by the deed, and the Penns will no doubt meet a severe penalty. Rials will be remembered as the witness before the Senate Civilian Commission, who testified concerning the personal difficulty in Hazlehurst.

HE PAID FOR HIS MASH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A prominent club man recently secured the arrest of a man and woman whom he had met at a public ball, and whom he accused of attempting to rob him. He had met the woman on the floor, made advances to her and invited her to drink. The wine got into his head, but he remembered what had gone on. The woman had gone through him and handed the plunder to the male prisoner, who had lurked in the vicinity of their table. A detective employed at the ball corroborated this statement. The pair, it seems, had been working this same game all the winter. The woman did the work as described and the man collared the spoil. The latter was sent to the Island, his accomplice escaping by a defect in the evidence.

BOUND TO THE TRACK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago some half a dozen boys, whose ages ranged from nine to fifteen years, all residing at the western end of the city of Portland, Me., while at play on the track of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, near that city, tied one of the smaller boys to the track, having first bound his hands and feet. They then left him. It was just previous to the time when a train was due, and the boys must have been aware of this fact, though they claim their act was done in fun and they did not think of the possibility of their companion being run over by a train. Fortunately a man saw the boy upon the track and released him from his perilous position. The little fellow was half dead from fright.

THE LIFE OF A POLICEMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The New York policeman is a historic figure in our modern civilization. He has been written up and written down till the public know all about him—more, probably, than he knows about himself. Our artist adds to this store of knowledge by certain leaves from his sketch-book. Unlike most of the descriptions of this subject, these pictures are taken from life.

THE SIX-DAY WALKING MATCH.

Madison Square Garden Again in the Possession of the Tan Track Plodders.

[With Portraits and Illustrations.]

The great six-day go-a-s-y, up-please race, began at Madison Square Garden five minutes after the stroke of midnight told that Sunday, March 27, was a thing of the past, and Monday, March 28, had dawned. The religious sentiment of the community was deferred to, and a strong police force, under Cap. Williams, was on hand to see that no sacrilegious pedestrian trod the tan bark on the holy Sabbath. The ticket office of the Garden, however, being a worthy imitation of the plate-passing portion of church worship, was open long before that hour and raked in the dimes in a manner that would have delighted the heart of a missionary begging for a dollar for the heathen and ten dollars to carry it to him. The brass band, which represented the paid choir, was also allowed to toot. The bars, being hid away in the dismal caverns under the seats, were so suggestive of the clerical style of taking a drink on the sly that they, too, were not interfered with.

The consequence was that by the time the pious Capt. Williams announced that the morals of the community would not be offended by the race, the building was packed with anxious spectators. The band switched off of such sacred music as "I Never Drink Behind the Bar," "My Father's Teeth were Plugged with Zinc," etc., and struck up, "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

The appearance of the Garden proved that walking matches have the same fascination as they had of old, notwithstanding that many believed that such entertainments were played out, and that the public had a surfeit of them a few years ago. There was the same enthusiastic crowd. Well-known faces were met at every turn. All prominent sporting men were present, and every class of society, from the millionaire to the bootblack, was represented. Fair women also added their smiles and plaudits when the sturdy walkers appeared on the track.

The contestants were a goodly company; probably the best collection of trained pedestrians ever got together, with a sprinkling of new candidates for honor.

The entries were Charles Rowell, Patrick Fitzgerald, Robert Vint, George D. Noremac, Daniel J. Herty, Alfred Elison, George Hains, W. W. Lounsbury, Frank H. Hart, Samuel Day, Nitaw-eg-Ebow, a Chipewyan Indian, John Sullivan, and Napoleon Campana, Old Sport. We have already published most of their portraits, and last week gave a record of all the men.

We this week publish scenes and incidents of the opening of the race, from sketches by POLICE GAZETTE special artists, and full-length portraits of Samuel Day and Nitaw-eg-Ebow, two of the contestants who are new aspirants for the honors in New York, but who were accorded a hearty welcome, and will be judged according to their merits. Day's full record can be found in our sporting column of this number, and the Indian has yet to make his record. The medical fraternity are taking particular interest in this contest, and every facility is offered to them by the management to make a careful study of the physical condition of the men during the long walk. The box assigned to the doctors is one of the sketches presented.

KILLING OFF HIS CHILDREN.

Edward Dowse, who is held in jail at Waynesboro, Ga., charged with the murder of his five children, has confessed his guilt. He states that his children kept accumulating upon him, while his ability to support them diminished. The children were, according to the custom among Southern field hands, locked up in the cabin while the parents were at work. At 10 o'clock in the morning he felt an uncontrollable desire to rid himself of his burden, and pretending to his wife that he wanted some necessary article in the cabin, he mounted a mule and went there. Opening the door he closed it behind him. He attacked the youngest child with an ax and killed it. Meantime the others had hold of him by the legs, beseeching him to spare the child. Turning from his dead victim, he grasped two others of the children, one in each hand, and beat their heads against each other until they became unconscious. With the ax he then killed them. The two remaining children had sought refuge under the bed. Reaching for them, he killed them also, and left the five dead bodies on the floor. Closing the door, he returned to work, giving no sign of the bloody work in which he had been engaged. It was the absence of an explanation of the tragedy more than anything else which led to his arrest. At first he stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime. It is believed that his wife and sister, who have disappeared, are also guilty.

RUIN AND SUICIDE.

[With Portrait.]

The quiet life of the village of Lancaster, N. H., a picturesque mountainous spot in the northern part of the Granite State, has been unduly excited of late over the suicide of Miss Nellie F. Phelps, who, it appears, was ruined by J. H. Baird, the editor of the *Republican*, a local weekly.

Miss Phelps was a very pretty, modest blonde, a native of Clermont, N. H., where she graduated from the Clermont High School three years ago. She was twenty years old, had taught in district schools, and was much liked for her amiable disposition. She was a cultivated, refined woman, but in poor circumstances. She went to Lancaster to work in the Lancaster *Republican* last November, which was then owned and managed by her brother, C. H. Phelps (a partner of this man Baird), under the style of C. H. Phelps & Co. She remained in the office until Baird settled off with Phelps and took the *Republican* into his (Baird's) hands last January. Miss Phelps then went to work beside her brother in the *Gazette* office, in the same building with the *Republican*. She fell in love with Baird, who informed her that he was a single man. Baird tried, but failed, to get his victim to board at his boarding-house.

Three weeks ago she went to Littleton, N. H., ten miles distant, to get a school. Baird learned she was to be at Littleton, went there, and, as Miss Phelps claims, told her he would help her to accomplish her work. He prevailed upon her to stop over Sunday at the hotel, drugged her with rum, he entered her room, and, in her semi-conscious state, ravished her, tearing her underclothing off her and destroying a silk dress she wore. Report says that Baird paid \$25 for the bedclothes and other things injured at the hotel. On her return to Lancaster Baird made an appointment with her and promised to marry her. She learned that Baird was a married man, as he (Baird) admitted.

Miss Phelps took sulphate morphia April 10, according to her story, and was just able to report the fact to her physician. She died at 4 P. M. that afternoon. The coroner's verdict was that she came to her death from an "overdose of morphia, administered by her own hand."

Saturday, April 12, a large crowd gathered in front of Baird's boarding-place, and the most intense feeling pervaded the town. The crowd was well behaved and quietly dispersed when Baird was arrested and carried to jail. He is very self-possessed, and swears he shall not be driven out of town. Baird was hung in effigy Monday night and Tuesday, April 14 and 15, until late in the afternoon, when a large crowd took him down and burned him on Main street. Baird is about 5 feet high, about 140 pounds weight, dark complexion, black hair and mustache, twenty-eight or thirty years old. He is an upholsterer by trade, with five months' experience as an editor. It is reported that he has a wife and two children residing at Burlington, Vt.

At the inquest regarding Miss Phelps' death, Dr. Jones testified that she admitted intimacy with J. H. Baird, editor of the *Republican*. She said she had no friends and wished to end her life. She told the doctor she had taken morphia and hoped she would die. She charged that Baird accomplished her ruin; that she loved him, and he ought to marry her. Dr. Jones left her with her landlady while he went for another physician. He was unable to find one, and when he returned the girl was unconscious and remained so until she died. Mrs. Streeter, the landlady, corroborated the doctor's story.

A PLUCKY JAILER.

Another development has been made in the threatened war among the desperadoes and feud-fighters of Breathitt county, Ky. At Mt. Sterling, between 1 and 2 o'clock Thursday morning, April 24, an armed mob attacked the jail. Jailer Stephens was aroused, and the leader of the mob claimed to have a prisoner from Breathitt county whom he was to deliver to the keeping of the jailer. Stephens and his wife came to the door with a lamp, when the light was blown out and an attempt was made to force an entrance. The jailer, who is a very powerful man, threw his weight against the door and bolted it. After clamoring for admittance the mob broke open the door and started to get to Stephens, who by this time had obtained his gun, with which he kept them at bay. In the meantime some of the mob on the outside, seeing the light above, shot through the window, narrowly missing Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, who protected themselves behind the wall of the building. Finding their efforts useless they at length desisted. All that saved the jail was the bravery and self-possession of the jailer. It was an effort, undoubtedly, to hang William Osborn, who killed Henry Thomas in Menifee county. He was tried there at the last term of court, convicted and sentenced to four years in the penitentiary. He was sent to Mt. Sterling for safe-keeping during his appeal to the Court of Appeals for a new trial.

DYING TEARS FOR HIS SWEETHEART.

A touching instance of woman's fidelity and man's unfaithfulness has just been revealed by the death of a young man who had traveled until last February as the advance agent of a theatrical troupe. Three years ago, while employed as the shipping clerk of a wholesale dry goods firm in Portland, Me., he became engaged to a young lady of attractive person and undoubted virtue. Their marriage was fixed for early fall. During the summer, however, the man, who was somewhat addicted to drink, made the acquaintance of, and became infatuated with an actress, and when she left the city to fill an engagement in Providence, he accompanied her. The girl whom he had deserted refused all other suitors, and they were many, and virtually retired from society. In February last she learned that her former lover, deserted by his false friends and at death's door with consumption, was an inmate of a Philadelphia hospital. She went to that place, took him home at her own expense, and two days before his death was married to him. Among the papers which the young man left with a Portland friend, who had traveled with him, was found a brief and tear-blotted statement of the facts given above, together with the confession that his true-souled sweetheart had sent him on different occasions when he was in need, after he had deserted her, \$600.

WAR ON THE WIRES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The interlacing cross-striking, herring-boning of the space between earth and heaven with wires by the different telegraph companies is becoming a decided nuisance in all large cities. Its abatement has attracted legislative attention, but while the authorities and inventors quarrel over the different modes of relief proposed, the evil is steadily growing. The day when the lines were confined to the poles in the streets has gone by, and private property is invaded and many buildings are cobwebbed with the threads of wire. One plucky widow of Harlem has taken decided action on the matter, as far as her premises are concerned, and, with a robust servant girl as her ally, and an ax and a pair of scissors as weapons, makes an onslaught on the wires every time they are stretched across the roof of her house.

CHARLES LANGE.

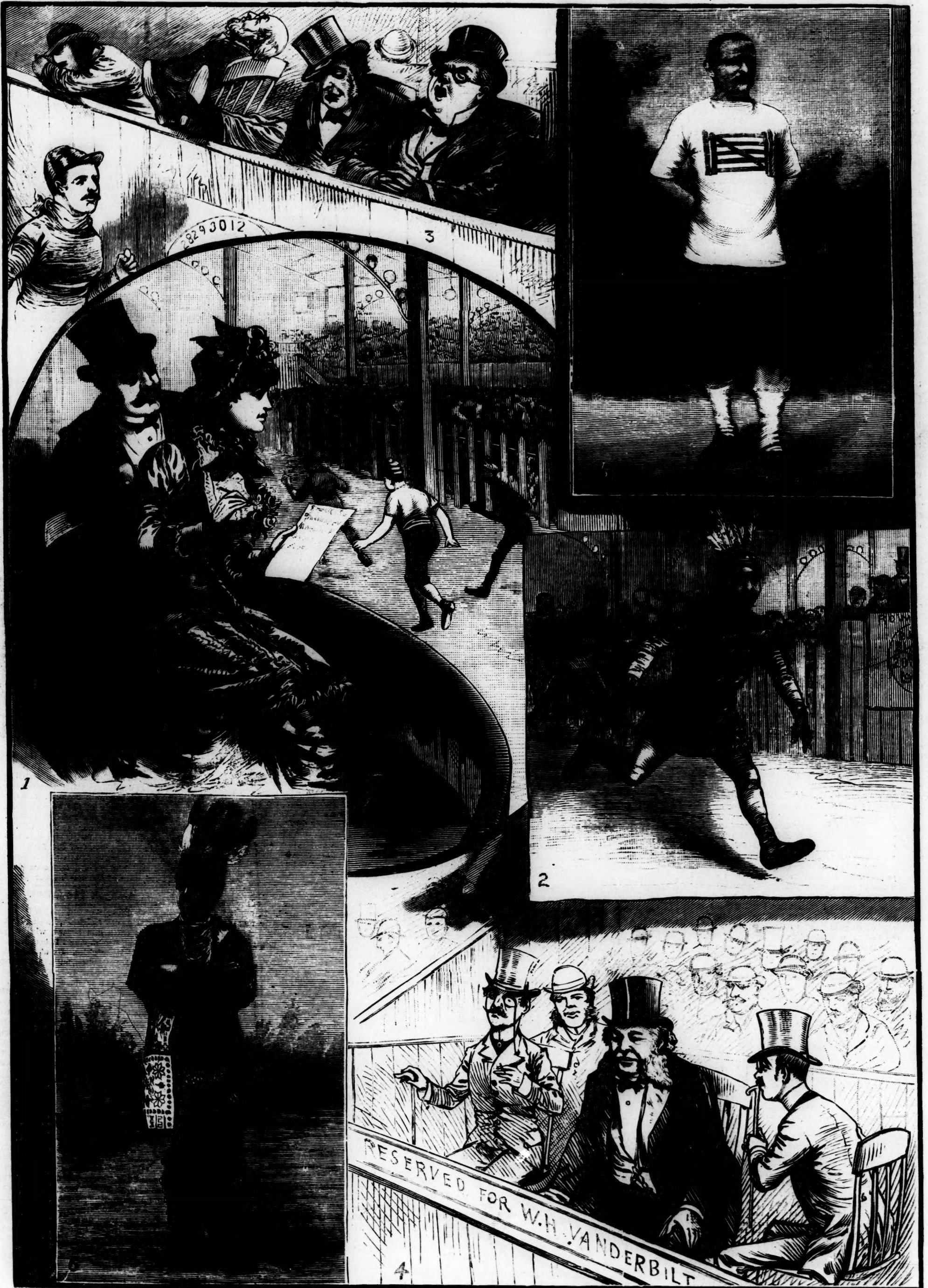
[With Portrait.]

Charles Lange, of Cleveland, Ohio, has, by his recent performances, begun to loom up as the probable coming man in the pugilistic arena, for whom all are looking. He is twenty-two years old, weighs 190 pounds, measures 43 inches around the chest, biceps, 18½; calf, 18½. Defeated Geo. Canfield, knocking him out of time in 3 minutes; defeated W. Jones, the colored champion of Ohio, Feb. 16, time, 1½ minutes; defeated William Robinson, time, 4 minutes; defeated Mark Lamb, time, 2½ minutes; defeated Capt. Vint, of Nova Scotia, time, 1 minute; defeated Chas. Kavanaugh, for "Police Gazette" trophy, time, 3 minutes. On April 13, 1884, at Columbus, Ohio, he fought a draw with McHenry Johnson, four rounds.

FRAULEIN HOFSCHELER.

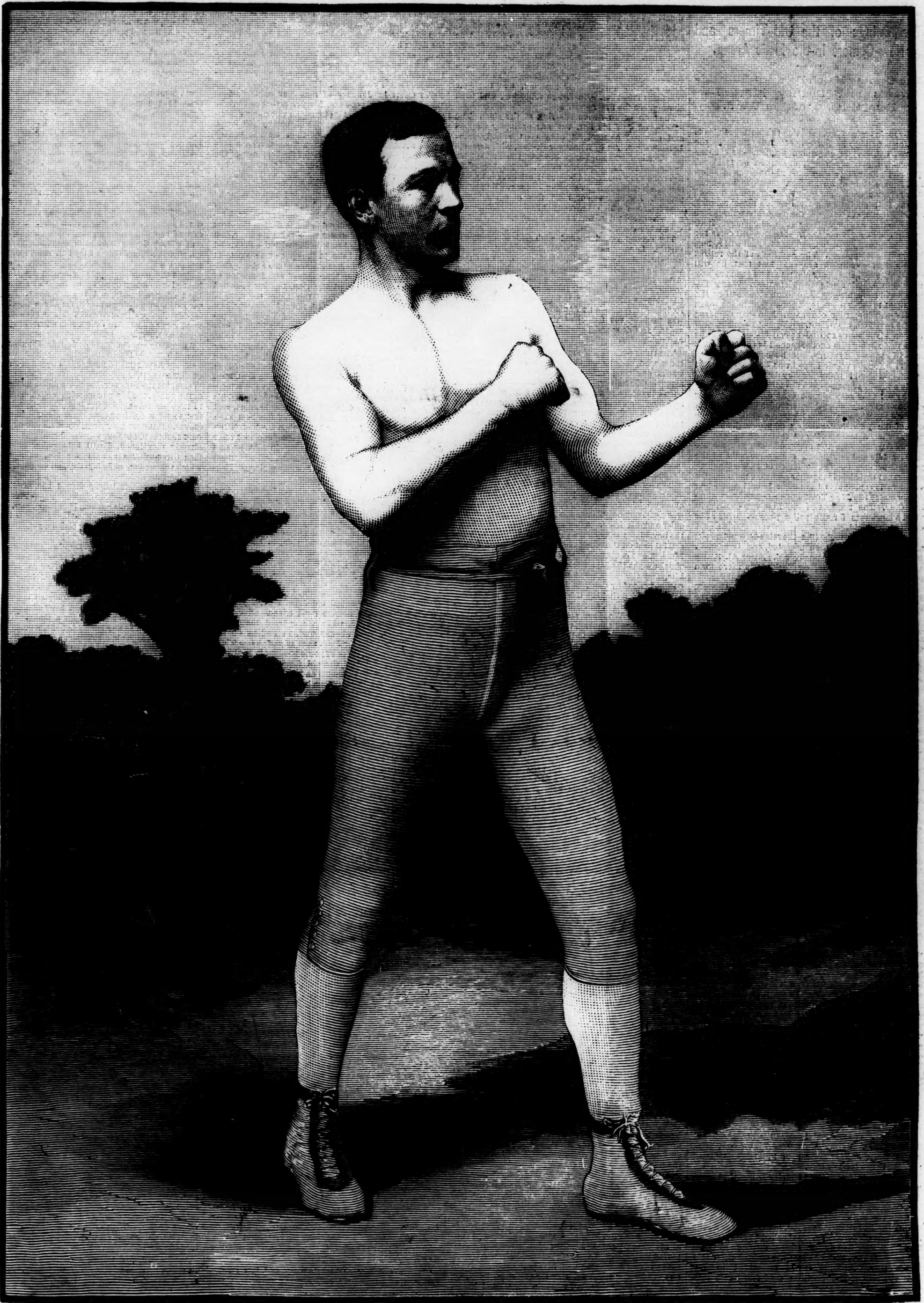
[With Portrait.]

We present this week a portrait of Fraulein Hofscheler, one of the bright particular stars of Kralffy's Excelsior troupe, as she appeared in the Nautch dance. She is a premiere from the Theatre Royal Vienna and danced off to Germany at the close of the season with a pocketful of ducats, but will be back again when the limelights gleam on the new attractions of the coming campaign of the ballet in New York.



OFF FOR A LONG WALK.

THE START OF THE GREAT SIX-DAY PEDESTRIAN CONTEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. I—A FULL TRACK. II—THE INDIAN TROTS. III—THE DOCTORS' BOX. IV—MR. VANDERBILT AND HIS FRIENDS. V—SAMUEL DAY. VI—NITAW-EG-EBOW, THE CHIPPEWA RUNNER



MIKE CLEARY.

THE QUICK AND HARD-HITTING PUGILIST WHO MAY SOON BE CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN WOOD.]

**The Coming Match Between Billy Edwards and Charley Mitchell—
Reminiscences of Jem Ward.**

the best opportunity to see a prize flight ever known in this country, and the performance was, of its kind, ou-

for when he received it, and could only make a shot for a few rounds. He talked of his fights just as a man

the Syracuse Wonder, and Capt. James C. Daly. Irish champion athlete, at the Colliseum, Alleghen-

latter claimed that he had performed his part, and refused to fight two men in one night.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points
About the Players—News and Gossip
From All Over the Country.

BRADY has received his walking-papers from the Chicago Union Club.

The Toledo Club will give rain-checks this season, and go into bankruptcy in the fall.

The Union Association championship schedule was so badly arranged that it is being revised.

Of all miserable excuses in this country for a baseball team the Cleveland Reserves take the lead.

The "only Nolan," the walking beer-barrel, will play with the Quoketops, of Wilmington, this season.

The Keynotes, of Philadelphia, went all to pieces in their opening championship game with the Boston Unions.

The Alleghenys have ruled McKelvey in order to allow him to accept the presidency of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Union Association Club of Boston have a corking baseball team, even if they have nothing but a circus lot to play upon.

It is doubtful if the Brooklyn will ever recover from the pounding they received from the League clubs during their April games.

The Columbus people live in hope of their club winning the American pennant. They will be a sorry crowd at the end of the season.

It would be a grand scheme if Mutrie could get some kind of patent desolating compound to put over his new ground to keep down the smell.

HARRIS, of the Cincinnati Unions, is now numbered among the married men. How "Willie" ever caught her with that mug of his is a mystery to us.

The Fort Wayne ball-tossers will flourish this season with their Sunday ball-playing, as the Grand Jury see no harm in the sport, and refuse to indict the tossers.

Gena, who comes from the Northwestern League, and is now covering second base for the Detroit, gives promise of becoming one of the very finest players in the country.

LAWRENCE, of the Athletics, has been playing pretty good ball since he parted with that abscess on the back of his neck, which he nursed so tenderly during the early spring.

It is feared that Shaw, Detroit's crack pitcher, will prove a grand rascal. The Baltimore pounded him in a single inning for two two-baggers, a three-bagger and two home runs.

GEORGE WASSER, who thinks that the Boston Unions are sorely in need of practice. They are not alone, however, as we can also name a few clubs that are sorely in need of practice.

It is reported that the Boston are going to put up a flag-staff 70 ft. high, on their grounds. No one believes it, however, for where would Boston get enough money to buy such a pole?

Is the Keystone of Philadelphia intend keeping Perry Malone behind the bat, it would be a good idea, for appearance sake, to lay him off for a week, and put him to soak in a barrel of oil.

Two Metropolitans are not to be trifled with, as several of the League clubs have already found out, and all of the American Association clubs will discover as soon as the championship season opens.

HUNT, the left-fielder of the Amherst College team, in trying to knock some brains into one of the Springfield players in a recent game, broke one of the bones in his forearm, which has placed him on the shelf.

The Muskogees, of the Northwestern League, and the Dayton played a "baby" game at Dayton, Ohio, April 13, when the two clubs, umpire, and the crowd took regular turns at showing their childlike ways.

The Union Baseball Park of Baltimore is spoken of as being one of the finest in the baseball arena. It wouldn't have to be much, however, to beat the Boston ground, which is a disgrace to the profession.

The Indianapolis and Quincy clubs are making a fair showing in their games with the Northwestern League clubs, but it is thought that they have not sufficient bottom to encounter the American clubs.

MANVELL made a great impression on the Cincinnati new grounds when the club was playing the Alleghenys, and it is doubtful if the club will ever be able to get his foot-prints out of the fresh soil.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "Latham played a beautiful game at first yesterday. He can do it when he wants to." This sounds all right, but we know that it all depends upon how often he wants to do it.

The Providence Club caught on to \$300 in their three games at Baltimore, and they would probably have caught on to as much more in Brooklyn had they not knocked out the Brooklynites so badly in their first game.

The Boston and Altoona Union clubs have positively declined playing any Sunday games, as it interferes with their attending Sunday-school; consequently a change had to be made in the Union Association schedule.

The richest thing we have heard in a long time is the paragraph in a Milwaukee paper, which said the Buffalo released Cushman in 1893 because they had no one competent to catch him. He must be a terribly fast runner.

The Comet Baseball Club, of Woonsocket, have at this early stage of the season discovered that as a baseball nine they are a deal failure, and a fair is now being held at Woonsocket to raise funds to support the Comet Club.

A DETROIT paper says that "the Cubans presented Billy Holbert with a head-light for his shirt-front." We have seen this scarf-pin worn by Holbert, and strongly suspect that his Cuban friends keep a five-cent store on the Bowery.

JOE GEMMARD has given Dan O'Leary, manager of the Cincinnati Unions, a beautiful gold pencil to write the word "champion" with at the end of the season, but if that is the use it is to be put to, he will never need the pencil.

From the manner in which the Philadelphia have pounded the Athletics on several occasions this season, it looks as though the champions of the American Association will be a sorry wreck before the middle of the present campaign.

JOHN J. HOBAN, a brawny Chicago Irishman, of something over 200 lbs., will play back-stop for the Stillwaters this season, and he expects to win the championship of the Northwestern League for the lively, go-ahead little town of Stillwater.

RICHARDSON, of the Beascons, whom Walter Appleton offered \$3,250 to catch for the New Yorks this season, is holding off, it is rumored, for \$4,000. He will have to hold off a great many long-cold years before he catches a sucker for that amount.

A SURF of light gray and a straw hat is to be worn by the League umpires during the coming season. One can imagine what Billy McClean's mug, which will stop a clock, will look like in one of these giddy suits. The League ought to allow him to wear overalls and a red-flannel shirt.

The Chilli-tohe Club, in boasting about their great representative team, say that the salary list is nearly \$1,000. That may seem a great deal of money to them, but we have individual players in the New York nine who are getting larger salaries than the Chilli-tohe's pay for their whole team.

It is pretty nearly time for the Buffalos to cease boasting about having paid no advance money to their players this season, as it does not become them. They have an empty treasury, and every person knows it, and it was only through pleading poverty that they got out of paying their boys advance money.

It seems very funny that in the series between the Athletics and Philadelphia they take turns about in winning, or that each club wins on their own ground. From the manner in which the Philadelphia pound the Athletics all over the field in some of the games, it looks as though they could do it wherever they saw fit.

COLEMAN is Harry Wright's general utility man. He carries the bats to and from the ground, sees that the water-pail is always full and contains plenty of ice and oatmeal, as well as sweeping and dusting the grand stand each morning, and scrubbing out the club-rooms once a week. He is a valuable and useful man as he is a pretty fair pitcher.

A DETROIT scribe says that "some malicious reporter in the East has set the falsehood afloat that Scott broke a contract with the Fort Wayne." It was a great injustice to the Detroit management to make a remark of this sort, as we know all about the deal and it was perfectly honorable. President Thompson paid the Fort Wayne management \$300 in cold money for Scott's release.

It is war to the knife in Washington between the American and Union Association clubs. Moxley, of the Americans, controls the bill-board privileges, and is trying to block the Unions in their advancing. The Unions, however, are padding their own coats in brilliant style, and stand a fair chance to be in existence long after the American Association Club have deposited themselves under the sod.

LEWIS BONNET, '84, has been elected scorer of the Harvard University nine. It is a wonder they didn't take a younger man, as these old fellows are never any good at seeing the fine points of the game. Here is old CHALMERS, not seventy yet, and his eyesight is rapidly failing him. He can't even see the players, let alone the finer points of the game. He looks McGuire full in the face and calls him Bridget.

DENNY MCKINSTRY, President of the American Association, has "set" upon the fresh deal the umpires made at their meeting in Columbus, and has destroyed all their wisdom by reversing the action taken by them in reference to the ball striking the batsman, and the rule this season will remain as made by the delegates at the annual convention. All the club officials looked upon the action taken by the umpires as the height of impudence.

TEXAS is a general prejudice against playing baseball on Sunday, still every beer-garden in the country is allowed to hold a sacred concert upon the Sabbath-day, which is really worse than mockery. Baseball is innocent amusement, and should be encouraged, especially on Sundays, as it will not only be beneficial to the health of the players, but it would fill the managers' coffers and give them a chance to blow off the reporters more frequently, who get very thirsty during the game, it being such dry work scoring.

The American Association felt deeply chagrined at the superior wisdom of the umpires in discovering their blunder in framing the rule which gives the batsman a base every time the pitcher strikes him with the ball while in his position at the home-base, so, through their president, they rescinded the action of the umpires, who made the penalty a base on the pitcher. The rule, as made by the Association, is very bad, and before the season is half over the Association will be compelled to acknowledge their own blunder.

The management of the Brooklyn Club will not put up with any fooling, as one of the spectators found out the day the Providence beat the Brooklyn 15 to 0. He sung out from the grand stand, "Brooklyn, you're no good," and the words were hardly out of his mouth when Mr. Doyle, one of the principal stockholders, relieved him of the seat of his trousers. He was picked up bodily, and slung out over the heads of the people, and in less than a jiffy he found himself waiting along Fifth avenue on his way to the police station between two officers.

The Cincinnati press have given Mr. Mapledoram, one of the new Union Association umpires, a very fine send-off for his being a man of good habits, not drinking, smoking, chewing, or using profane language, and for being thoroughly posted in the rules of the game. It is well they got in their send-off before the season opened, as probably it is the only grains of comfort which will come to the poor fellow during the entire season, as the moment he commences umpiring he will fall in line with the other umpires to receive the curses of the press from all parts of the country.

The old "fossil" has got on the right side of Richter, and soft-sope him in the following manner: "The Philadelphia Sporting Life has securely established itself in favor in the Quaker City as the sporting journal of Philadelphia. It is ably edited by Mr. Francis Richter, who keeps its columns clean of the personalities which other journals which report the times too frequently indulge in." If Richter don't make the old gentleman the New York and Brooklyn correspondent after this fine send-off, he is no gentleman, and Mr. Chatwick should by all means give him a sailing in the Brooklyn Eagle.

It is getting to be pretty nearly time for some of the papers throughout the country to take a drop on the Cuban baseball paragraph, which has gone the rounds until the baseball public are thoroughly disgusted reading it. In almost every paper one picks up their read: "A Cuban correspondent writes"—then follows the same old gag. Of course the papers would not steal the item from each other, therefore it must be the fault of the Cuban correspondent, who writes the same stuff to each paper, thinking none of the others will ever see it, as the circulation is doubtless confined to the town where each paper is published.

HARRY WASSER has no favorites, and each and every player in the Philadelphia museum stands an equal chance for positions on the regular team. This is a great scheme of Harry's to get good work out of the boys, and every time a first-nine player makes an error or fails to make a base hit, the delinquent is slung by the back of the neck, jerked out of the first nine, and caught in the second. This has occurred a number of times thus far, and the nine are in constant terror of being disgraced and tossed back among the scrubs, so they endeavor to remove the cover from the ball when they go to the bat, and leave the prints of their fingerprints on the ball when fielding.

The Arbitration Committee showed their teeth at their recent meeting in New York, when they spent two days in secret council discussing the best methods in downing the Union Association. They struck upon a plan which may result in bulldozing any more players from leaving their ranks and going into the Union clubs. They agreed never in any way to recognize any of the Union clubs, and also agreed to regard the players that have been black-listed for leaving their ranks and joining the Union in the same light that they did Hall, Derlin, Nichols, Craver and that crowd, who were expelled for crooked work—that is, never again restate them under any consideration whatever.

The Detroit kicked like steers when they got nipped on the American Association rules, while playing in Pittsburgh, April 19. Shaw, when he saw the Alleghenys were hitting him, commenced to throw the ball overboard, and the umpire sent two men to their bases by way of punishment. This caused a row, but it ended in Shaw getting out of the box. The Alleghenys were pounding the life out of the Detroit in the ninth inning, having scored five runs with no one out, when the visitors weakened like a lot of whipped curs, and sneaked off the field to the disgust of the Alleghenys and under a shower of hisses from the 2,000 people who were present.

KERENROOK, of the Metropolitans, is a Bowery swell, a dandy and a crank. If a pretty girl in the stand smiles, Jack Nelson whispers:

"Do you catch on there, Kety?"

"Where away?" says Kety.

"In the top row," says Jack, "sitting beside her maw."

"Oh, yes, I see," says Kety, and from that time forward the game has no more charms for him. One day he made eight errors at third.

"I couldn't help it," he said afterward, "for a sweet creature in the stand absorbed my undivided attention."

Nelson, who ought to know, says that when there's a pretty woman in the stand Esterbrook generally forgets that there is a game going on.—St. Louis Critic.

The venerable father of baseball comes out in one of his breezy column articles in the Brooklyn Eagle, landing up his pet, and, as usual, is about as far from the mark as the Equator is from the North Pole. He says: "Before April ends the Brooklyn team will be in excellent playing condition to open the championship season on the 1st of May, and then will be seen the good effects of the practice they will have benefited by during April." The very same paper shows that in the very last three games the Brooklyn were beaten by the Philadelphia 8 to 1; by the New Yorks 8 to 0, and by the Providence 15 to 0. If he had said the Brooklyn would be in the hospital with their tongues hanging out of the windows by the end of April, he would have come nearer the right thing.

The Providence Club were guilty of a small piece of business while playing with the Brooklyn April 21. They were playing under the American Association rules, and the pitching was more than Sweeney could stand. He broke down in the second inning, and had to be replaced by Barford. This change was very pleasing to the Brooklyn, who pounded Barford all over the field, earning 8 runs out of 10. When the visitors saw that defeat was staring them in the face they put Sweeney in with instructions to throw the ball in accordance with League rules. The umpire warned him against throwing, and, as he refused to stop, batsman after batsman was given a base on a foul ball. This was more than they could stand, so they refused to play any longer, pouted around like a lot of little school-boys, and finally, after abusing the umpire out of all character, left the field in a high tantrum. The crowd were thoroughly disgusted, and quit the field cursing the cowardly mongrels very severely. President Byrne refused to give the Providence Club their share of the gate receipts, and then for the first time it began to dawn over them that they had made a grand mistake. Bancroft whimpered and put all the blame on Start, who claimed that he had not refused to play, but admitted having told that he could wait five hours for all he cared.

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C. S. C., Boston.—No.
J. W. T.—James Sullivan.
SUBSCRIBER, Bradford.—Yes.
J. W. D., Burlington, Vt.—A win.
F. N., Boston, Mass.—Low goes out.
C. F., South Schreton, N. Y.—You lose.
W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We do not know.
C. P. MARTIN, Leadville, Col.—A is correct.
L. L. B., Batavia, N. Y.—Letter received. Thanks.
GROVER E. SMITH, Peoria, Ill.—B is entitled to the pot.
J. W., Baltimore, Md.—John McMahon, the wrestler, is.
G. D. W., Augusta, Ga.—One hundred and forty pounds.
P. W. F., St. Louis, Mo.—See advertising columns, page 15.
M. J. T., Malden, Mass.—We do not publish the records in book form.

CONSTANT READER, Reno, Nev.—E. V. S., 26 Rose street, New York.

H. R. E., Canton, Pa.—Write to the American News Co., New York.

A. E. B., Armiesburg, Ind.—Maud S., 2:10½; Jay Eye See, 2:10½.

E. T. H., Fort Robinson, Neb.—No such proposition has been made.

A SUBSCRIBER, Greenville, Texas.—What distance do you mean?

C. M., Shawver's Mills, Va.—Send \$2.50, and we will mail you the book.

B. A. W., Clyde, Kan.—Charles Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng.

G. V., Martin's Ferry, Ohio.—Maud S., 2:10½; Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1891.

J. M. W., Wilmington, Del.—The population of Yeddo 811,810, census of 1874.

ROMLEY, of Ranch 20, Philadelphia, Pa.—Sullivan, 186 lbs; Ryan, 193 lbs.

S. H. B., Albany, Texas.—The address is not given in New York city directory.

W. D. E., Beaufort, N. C.—We can furnish you with all kinds of sporting goods.

C. E. W., Toledo, Ohio.—A letter addressed to this office will find the parties.

J. F. and C. H., Erie, Pa.—The Lynn-McLeod fight took place at Tucson, A. T.

X. Z., Kaylor, Pa.—You are entitled to a sight, if you are playing tabl-stakes.

O. W. N., Washington, D. C.—Walker's, price 50 cents, can be had at this office.

R. A. F., Rochester, N. Y.—He was on the Pacific Slope, stopping at Alameda.

J. W. F., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Send on forfeit, and we will publish challenge.

CONSTANT READER, Thomaston, Ct.—We will forward book on receipt of 30 cents.

W. N. W., Philadelphia.—Send \$1.50 for the book; we will forward same by mail.

J. E. G., Phillipsburgh, N. Y.—Ocean steamers consume 75 to 95 tons of coal per day.

B. L. T., Marshall, Mo.—We will furnish gloves. Prices are from \$5 to \$10 per set.

A. B., Newburg, N. Y.—Twenty-six years. Send 25 cents for copy of "Turf Register."

POOL-PLAYER, Fargo.—The party you named has never published a book on "Pool."

SPORTING MAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We cannot inform you where picture can be obtained.

OLD READER, N. Y.—Read the POLICE GAZETTE, and you will find all the information.

N. C. S., Journal office, Ottawa, Ill.—Not entitled to either jack where a misdeed occurs.

C. B. RENO, Sycamore, Mo.—Mississippi river 4,200, Amazon 3,750, Nile 4,000, English miles.

A. S. TUCKER, Georgetown, Col.—From International News Co., Beekman street, New York.

SKIP, North Bloomfield, Cal.—1. At Chicago. 2. Write to John McMahon, care of this office.

MORRIS WILLIAMS, Vulcan, Mich.—The man playing with fair hand wins; the six cards lose.

P. S. SPRINGFIELD, O.—Write to Mervine Thompson, 171 Ontario street, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. E., Rawhide Buttes, W. T.—We will insert no challenge that is not accompanied by a forfeit.

T. W. R., Wooster, Ohio.—Harry Jennings' address is 255 and 257 Broome street, New York city.

M. G. HORTON, Bristol Centre, Ontario county, N. Y.—There is no record for such performances.

O. F. S., Easton.—Write to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson.

A. SPERN.—1. John Sweetman "Stone," 2,031 Third avenue. 2. Yes. Broker. Address not given.

P. B., Fort Laramie, W. T.—If you desire to become a pugilist, practice boxing and engage a teacher.

BUFFALO DAYTON, Houston, Texas.—A letter addressed to this office will send the party you inquire for.

G. W., Scranton, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. We do not know his age. 3. We can supply you with all kinds of cards.

T. M. McARTHUR, Mt. Vernon, Ind.—Yes, in his encounter with Charley Mitchell at Madison Square Garden.

N. C. J., Weichfield, Ohio.—Write to Harry Jennings, dog fancier, Centre street, near Broome, New York.

J. J., Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Sayers was born at Pimlico, London, Eng., May 15, 1868. 2. He died Nov. 8, 1893.

O. J. B., Petrolia, Pa.—Paddy Ryan followed the occupation of a saloon-keeper before he fought John L. Sullivan.

W. G. R., New York.—Write to Duncan C. Ross, 171 Ontario street, Cleveland. He will give you the information.

C. S., Shawver's Mills, Va.—1. Prof. Wm. C. McClellan gives boxing lessons, and charges \$1 per lesson. 2. About \$20.

L. W. H., Dunkirk, N. Y.—Two-thirds sweet oil, one-third hartsorn will make a first-class solution to rub down with.

FRED. MONTGOMERY, Selma.—John Wool, of 235 Bowery, this city, will furnish "photos" of both Sullivan and Thompson.

CONSTANT READER, Michigan City, D. T.—Edward A. Trickett never defeated Hansen, but the latter defeated Trickett twice.

C. S. S., Sherman, N. Y.—1. Duncan C. Ross weighs 197 lbs. 2. Yes. 3. Jimmy Mitchell is no relation to Charley Mitchell.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—It was Harry and not Johnny or Izzy Lazarus that was murdered in Houston street by Barney Frick.

CONSTANT READER, Hornellsville, N. Y.—We do not believe you can lift two advts waist high and hold them in that position for 30s.

D. M. M., Rockland, Mo.—1. We have no means of knowing; both parties lay claim to the same thing. 2. Six hours twenty minutes.

FRANK, Rochester, N. Y.—Tom Sayers was always considered a middle-weight pugilist; over 151 lbs is heavy weight; under, middle weight.

H. K. L., Macon, Ga.—The pugilist in your city who claims to be a brother of Tom and Bill Gould, of New York, is a fraud and an impostor.

W. J. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.—John L. Sullivan's principal backers when he fought Paddy Ryan were James Keenan, of Boston, and Billy Mahon.

THOMAS ANDREWS, Chicago, Ill.—Address the party named at

New Orleans, La., for the information you want and which we cannot supply.

L. W. B., Glendale, Miss.—Capt. Matthew Webb lost his life in an attempt to go through the Niagara whirlpool rapids on the afternoon of July 21, 1883.

H. B. G., Port Morris, N. Y.—Nicholas Murphy's score, when he won the six-day race at Madison Square Garden, New York, October, 1877, was 1,03¼ miles.

READER, Appleton, Wis.—1. We cannot furnish any copies of the POLICE GAZETTE further back than Jan. 1, 1894. 2. Send 30 cents for "Life of Morrissey."

P. M., Co. D, Seventh Infantry, Ft. Laramie, W. T.—1. You count six; the five flush and one for the knave. 2. The dealer can insist on a cut of the cards.

S. H. L., Georgetown, D. C.—1. No. 2. Rooke should have been awarded the battle with Charles Collins. 3. Mix equal parts and use twice daily. 4. We endorse no firms.

J. V., New Orleans, La.—You never read such a statement. Feed for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring;" it costs 35c; it will give you all the information.

D. W., Louisville, Ky.—Jay Eye See's best record is 2:10½, made at Providence, R. I., on Sept. 15, 1893. Jay Eye See's time is the fastest on record for a five-year-old.

H. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Dominick Bratley is dead. 2. He never fought Jack Miller. 3. It was Hen. Bradley (Dominick's brother) who defeated Miller on Feb. 2, 1893.

T. B., Detroit, Mich.—All contests will be governed by the "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules. Robt. Wright, 241 Jefferson avenue, your city, will furnish copy of rules.

D. O. C., Detroit, Mich.—The only champion belt for collar-and-elbow wrestling is the John McMahon, of Bakersfield, Vt., now holds. He won it by defeating James Owens in this city.

G. V., Martin's Ferry, Ohio.—Maud S.'s best record, 2:10½, accompanied with running mate at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1891. Maud S. also trotted in 2:10½ at Pittsburgh, July 13, 1891.

SUBSCRIBER, Tokamah, Neb.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought Oct. 5, 1893, for \$2,000, at Boston Four Corners. Morrissey was declared the winner, after fighting 37 rounds, lasting 53m.

P. J. N., Passaic, N. J.—W. E. Craft's 21-hour record is not authentic. The best performance for heel-and-toe walking for 24h is 127 miles 1,310 yards, made at London, Eng., Feb. 23, 1878.

H. M. W., Whipple Barracks, Ryan and Sullivan did not fight in New Orleans or in the State of Louisiana. They fought in Mississippi City, Miss. Ryan weighed 191 lbs, so he claimed.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, Echo.—It is an open question. Smith, of Pittsburgh, Kittelman, of Harper, Kansas, and Boyd, of Napanee, Canada, are probably the fastest 100-yard runners in this country.

SUBSCRIBER, Harrisburg, Texas.—Thirty feet is the usual length of steel rails. At some works they roll rails 90 ft long and saw them, but 80 ft is the usual length in which they are put into the track.

F. HURST, Cleveland, Ohio.—Charley Mitchell has never been knocked out in any of his matches in this country. The contest between Sullivan and him was stopped by the police in the third round.

J. W., Louisville, Ky.—The City and Suburban Handicap has only been won twice by American horses—Parole, in 1873, and Passaic, in 1882, although Foxhall ran a tremendously good second for it, to Beat Or, in 1881.

SUBSCRIBER, East Liverpool, Ohio.—Mitchell and Sullivan fought May 14, Madison Square Garden, New York. The contest lasted 3 rounds, when it was stopped by the police. Sullivan was knocked down in the first round.

M. H., Bordentown, N. J.—1. Tom Sayers stood 5 ft 8½ in in height and weighed 161 lbs when out of condition. 2. Sayers did use artificial teeth. 3. Sayers found \$250 for Keenan when the latter was matched to fight King.

JOHN THOMPSON, Binghamton, N. Y.—In playing freeze-out poker, a man with all his chips in the pot is entitled to a show down for the amount of his stakes; the other players can bet as much as they choose on the outside.

J. M., Boston, Mass.—Tom Bates, the English pugilist, is forty-one years of age. He has fought ten times in the ring with bare knuckles, won five battles and received fifteen "perforis" in England, and one from E. J. McGillicuddy and Jimmy Hurst.

E. C., Leadville, Col.—1. John Morrissey stood 5 ft 11½ in in height, and weighed 175 lbs the day he fought John C. Hennessy. 2. Bill Fools stood 5 ft 9½ in in height. 3. Three minutes is the fastest time for one-mile skating, made by Fish Smart, on Jan. 20, 1891, at Lincolnshire, Eng.

J. F. S., Detroit, Mich.—1. The longest running jump on record is 29 ft 7 in, by John Howard, at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1864. Howard jumped from a solid block of wood, 1 ft wide, 2 ft long, well-shaped, 3 in thick, raised 4 ft in front, and used five-pound dumb-bells. 2. The best single standing jump is 14 ft 5½ in, made by George W. Hamilton, of Frodoon.

H. S., Nortonville, Cal.—Joe Nolan and Dan Thomas, the English pugilists, fought for £200 a side in two rings at Oxford, England, April 8, 1832. Twenty rounds were fought in 1h 30m. When the referee ordered the pugilist to stop the police arrived. Nolan's backers, who were disgusted at his conduct, did not intend the man should meet again. With the certain chance of losing, therefore, they agreed to give Thomas £25 to draw the stakes.

JOHN LIXON, Paterson, N. J.—Jumbo was bought from a wandering band of Arabs—according to Sir Samuel Baker—when four years of age. Then was brought to the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, from where he was transferred to the London Zoological Gardens in 1863, and remained there until purchased by Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson in 1892, in whose possession he now is. He never was exhibited anywhere in this country, but during the last two summers, and then only with this



DYING IN HARNESS.

THE DEATH OF THE VETERAN CLOWN, JULIAN MARTINETTE, IN THE CIRCUS-RING AT DAYTON, OHIO.

Death of Lizzie Price.

Lizzie Price, the actress, died in Florida recently. She had gone to the South in November last to pass the winter. She was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1842, and had a most eventful career, making her first appearance at the City Museum, when twelve years old, as Susan, in "The Soldier's Daughter." She first appeared in New York, in June, 1860, at the Fifth Avenue

theatre, as *Dora*, in the play of that name. Her first husband was an actor named H. A. Harker, who was serving in the Union Army. She was soon divorced, however, and in July, 1880, married a well-known journalist of New York, only to be again divorced a few months later. Miss Price's relationship with Charles Fechter is matter of history, and through it she gained much

stage in 1881, and was said to have married James McDonough, of the Bijou theatre, Philadelphia. Her death was caused by inflammation of the bowels. Her body will be taken to Philadelphia for burial.

A HORRIBLE crime was perpetrated in Allen county, Ky., a few days ago. William Austin

who committed suicide at Lancaster, N. H., after being seduced by an editor.



LIZZIE PRICE,

THE NOTED ACTRESS, AND THE AMERICAN WIFE OF THE LATE CHARLES FECHTER.

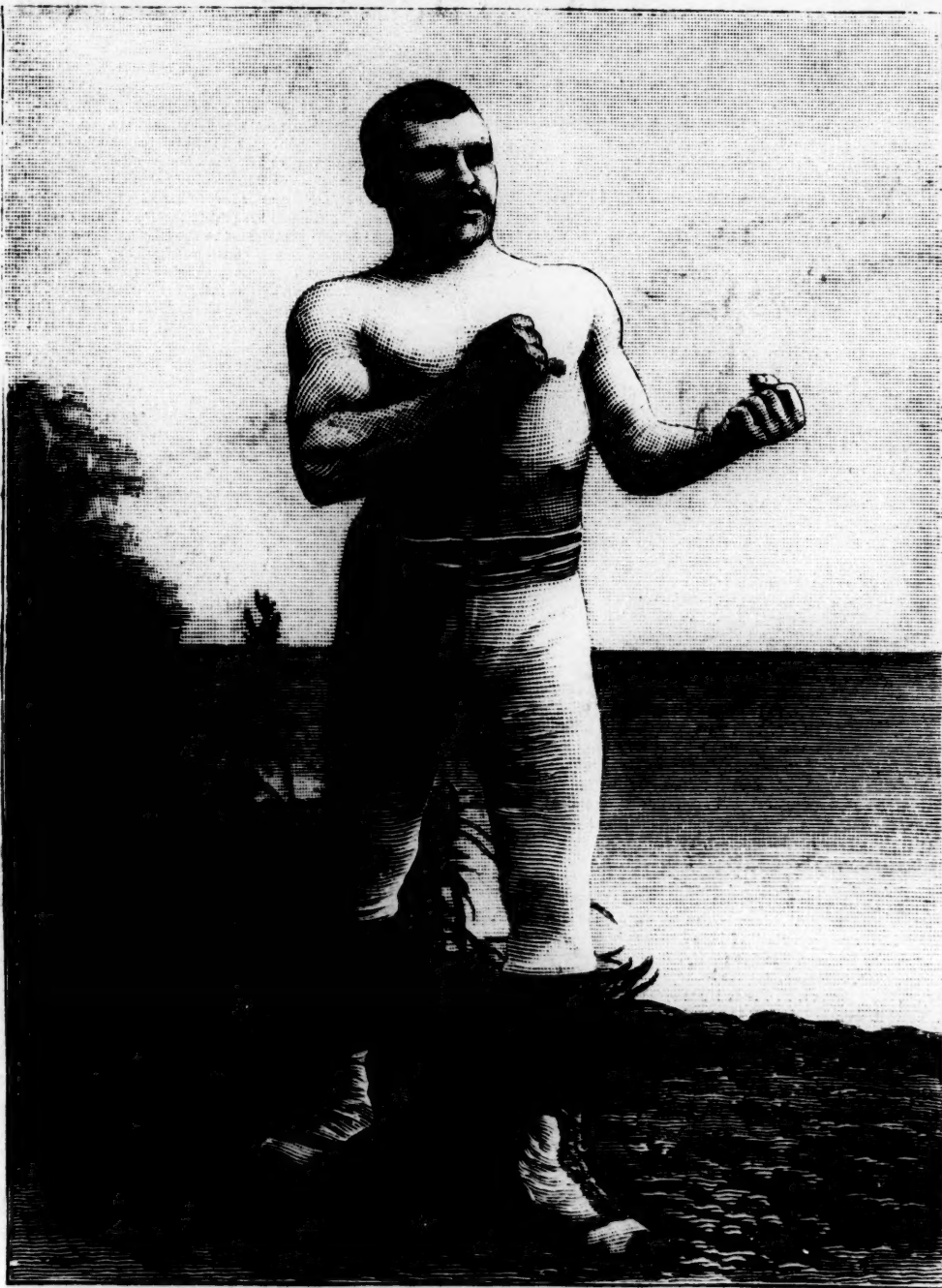


MISS NELLIE F. PHELPS,

WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE AT LANCASTER, N. H., AFTER BEING SEDUCED BY AN EDITOR.

notoriety. She played with him throughout the country, and lived with him after his retirement to his home at Quakertown, Pa., nursing him until his death. Fechter, by his will, left most of his property to charities, chief among them being the Forrest Home for Old Actors. Miss Price contested the will, claiming to be his wife, but was defeated. She played several engagements subsequently, but retired from the

went home, took two of his children, who were almost babes, and threw them into the fire and stood by and saw them cremated. The mother was a witness to the horrible deed, but was powerless to rescue her children, only escaping herself with a babe, by catching it from the cradle and running to the woods. It is supposed that the murderer was insane at the time that he committed the crime.



CHARLES LANGE,

THE CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT FUGILIST OF OHIO, AND HOLDER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" TROPHY.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

FRAULEIN HOFSCHULER.

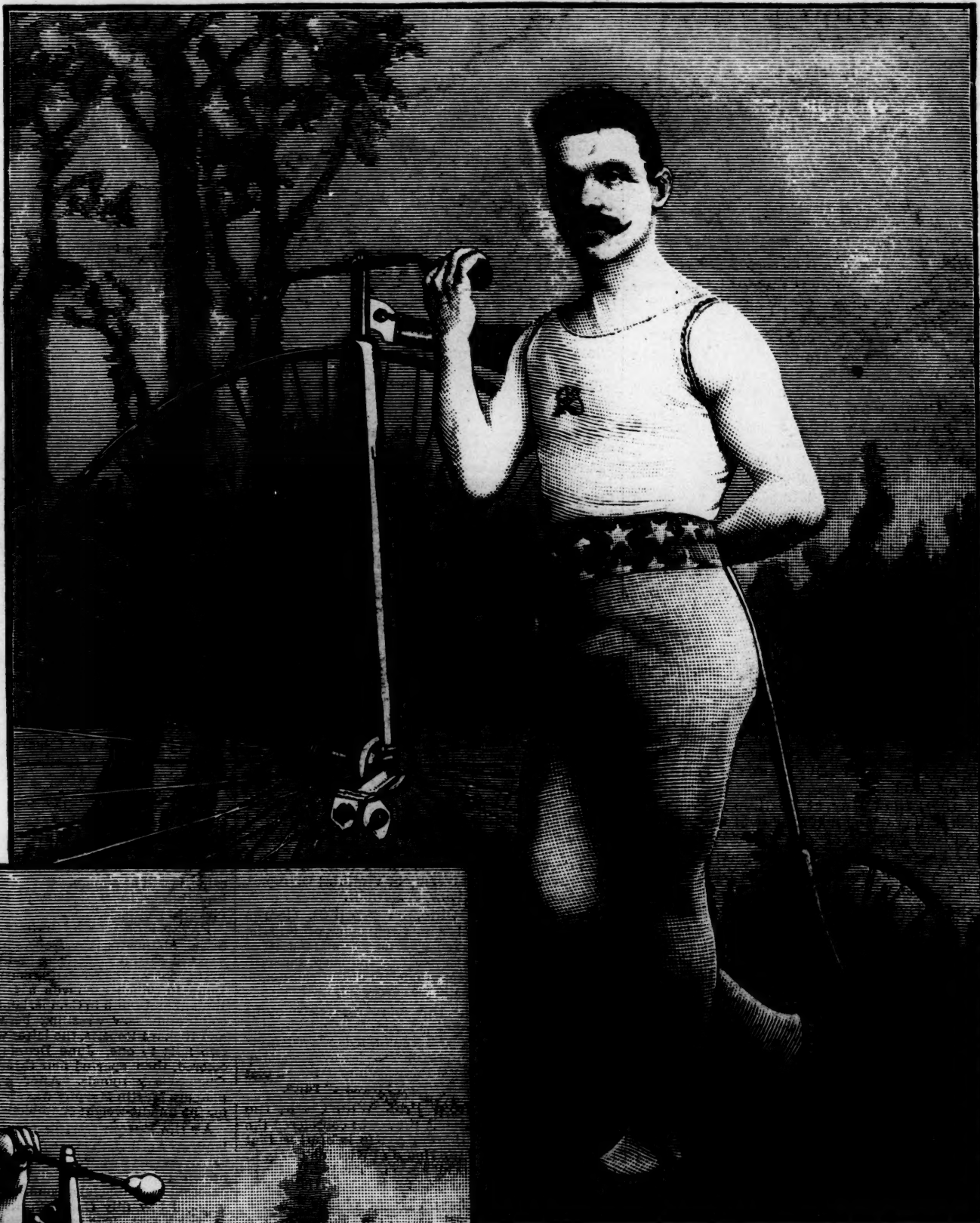
[Photo by Fisk.]

A Prize Romance.

A curious story was told recently in Atlanta, Ga., by Mrs. Mary A. Robertson, the widow of a well-known Tennessee physician, and a lady of considerable wealth. About a year ago she was visited by a gentleman named Randall H. Wright, and received from him a proposal of marriage. In time, however, rumors began to circulate that Wright was already a married man and the father of an interesting family. The lady narrated these rumors to her suitor, who, as she avers, gave her the following romantic story as an explanation: Mr. Wright's earliest recollection of himself was as the son of a well-to-do farmer. He had a brother named Robert—a boy singularly like himself in form, face and manner. The two brothers were inseparable companions. When they were in their fourteenth year it fell to their lot to assist in harvesting the pineapples, which were singularly mellow and red-cheeked at that particular season. A friendly contest ensued, which degenerated into an unbrotherly fight, in which Randall severely belabored Robert. When rising from his victory Randall saw the advancing figure of his father, who, out of breath, shrieked: "Ungrateful dastard, is this the manner in which you repay my kindness? Take that," giving the astonished boy a severe clip on the ear, "and never let me see you again."

Running to his mother she told Randall the story of his infancy. Twelve years before an immigrant ship was wrecked off the coast. An infant was found lying upon the beach, the only living survivor of the disaster. This child Mr. Wright picked up and brought to his home, where, being struck by its resemblance to his own infant boy, the couple decided to adopt him as their own. The only possible clue to the child's identity was a tiny little bracelet, on the inside of which was inscribed "Randall H." This article Mrs. Wright carefully put away for the future. Randall at once determined that the first work of his life should be to unravel the enigma of his birth.

This led to a singular succession of events. He traveled East, West, North and South, with no success. At last a desperate idea seized him. Taking ship for England, he went to Windsor Castle, and, eluding the vigilance of the guards and red tape connected with presentations to royalty, he rushed into the presence of Queen Victoria, and poured his sorrows in her sympathetic ear. She listened with interest to his story, and put him in communication with men who could assist him in his search. After a series of failures which would have disheartened most men, he at last heard a story in a rural hamlet which gave him a clue sufficient to renew his hopes. Years before, corresponding with the time since the wreck, there lived in this



JOHN S. PRINCE.

hamlet a worthy yeoman named Hunter, who had a wife, a daughter and an infant son named Randall. The family sailed for the United States; the vessel was wrecked, and Mr. Hunter alone, of the entire party, was saved. He returned to England, and after a season went to Australia, where he prospered, and was at that moment a wealthy man. It did not take the young man long to decide on his course. He took steamer for Melbourne. As he stepped upon the dock there the first person upon whom his eyes fell was his foster brother, Robert. There he stood with the light of a devilish triumph in his eyes. Passing him by in quiet dignity, Randall sought out the home of Mr. Hunter and narrated to the old gentleman the story of his wanderings. Mr. Hunter listened with deep interest, and, when the story was ended, declared himself mystified. "The facts and details fit exactly," said he; "but my long-lost child was restored to me a few months ago. Yet you look marvelously like him." Calling in the alleged son, Robert H. Wright appeared. "How am I to decide between you?" cried the father in despair. "By this sign," said Robert, drawing from his pocket the bracelet which his mother had kept for safe-keeping.

The evidence was conclusive, and the true son had to turn away in despair. He returned to America, only to find his troubles renewed. While walking the streets of an Ohio city he was met by a woman who threw herself into his arms, sobbing, "My husband, my long-lost husband!" He attempted to explain by telling her his name—it was just what she had taken it to be. She was the real wife of his brother Robert, and her mistake in identity was natural. Out of pity for her he allowed the matter to stand as she imagined it should. He paid bills of her contracting, and in this way became committed to the fact that he was her husband. Wherever he went in the vain hope of relief from her importunities he found himself confronted with her. At last he determined, out of abundant caution, to secure a divorce, which would leave him absolutely free.

Wright is a dark-complexioned man, with abundant side-whiskers, and a plausible manner, calculated to lend color to any story he might chance to tell. To ascertain the facts as sworn to in court, your correspondent has examined the libel for divorce filed in Fulton Superior Court, "R. H. Wright vs. Katie Wright," which is not quite so romantic as the one which Mrs. Robertson narrates. He alleges that on the 6th day of May, 1883, he was "lawfully married" to said Katie Wright, and that within ten months he became, through her, the father of a child; that said wife did not cook his meals regularly; she beat him on the head with sticks, and refused to let him play with the baby. For these trivial allegations he seeks divorce, and on them he has secured the first verdict.



MLLE. LOUISE ARMAINDO.

THE CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

THE WONDERFUL TEAM WHO CARRIED OFF THE HONORS IN THE LATE HORSE VS. BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SPORTING NEWS.

\$1.50.

THE POLICE GAZETTE,

The Most Illustrated, Sporting and Sensational Paper in the World, and

THE WEEK'S DOINGS,

The Spiciest Dramatic and Best Story Paper in America, Illustrating the Sensations of the Day.

These two great papers will be mailed to any address in the United States three months for \$1.50. Send on your subscription at once. Sample copies mailed free on application. The Police Gazette and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX.

FRED. A. PLAISTED is eager to row Peterson. G. H. HOSMER is training the Princeton College crew.

WM. ELLIOTT, the English oarsman, will not return to this country.

ON June 17 there will be a rowing regatta at Lake Wausau, Sterling, Mass.

THE Potomac Boat Club of Washington will have a regatta on the 31st of May.

THE New England Trotting Circuit will begin at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., on June 3.

HENRY COULTER, the ex-champion oarsman of America, keeps a boat-house at Manchester, Pa.

FRED. PLAISTED will train the Bowdoin crew.

MILWAUKEE recently fought a main with Chicago. Fifty battles were fought, and Milwaukee won.

JAY-EYE-SEE and Phyllis are being jogged and shaped on the Fair Grounds course at Louisville, Ky.

JAMES SMITH, the noted trainer and pedestrian, who now resides in Shenandoah, Pa., was in this city last week.

JOHN MORIARTY, the Toronto (Ont.) prize-fighter, had his arm cut off by the cars at Port Hope, Canada, recently.

ON the 10th of May, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia Arthur Chambers' Maggie and Mr. Howard's Scot will run a dog-race.

JEM HALL, the well-known English boxer, has taken the Perseverance, Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green, London, England.

THE Louisville cup winner is a puzzle, but we think the placed horse will be Wallensee or John Davis. Keep this in mind.

BOB MILES has gone back to 7 to 1 in the betting for the Kentucky Derby. He will go further still before the flag falls for the race.

THE Jap is said to be the only wrestler in America who does not hippodrome. He wrestles to win, and butts in a business-like way.

IN England, Joe Spencer is attempting to walk 5,000 miles in less than 100 days, and J. Green is attempting to cover 2,500 miles in 50 days.

TONY NEWELL, 210½, and Madoc, 225, the property of C. M. Reed, Erie, Pa., will be driven double in the Eastern circuit during the coming season.

BASEBALL has had many hard knocks, and much breath and paper has been wasted in opposition, and yet the game flourishes like a green bay tree.

JAMES WELSH, the sporting boniface of Honolulu, H. I., writes that Owey Geoghegan, the pugilist, is at that place, badly stricken with paralysis.

FOR running, walking and rowing, saccharine food, beef or mutton are the best things to eat. Condiments, tea, coffee and alcohol are to be eschewed.

MIKE DYER and Frank Boworth fought a six-round combat with gloves at Boston, at a late hour on April 22, when Dyer punished his antagonist very badly.

It is claimed that N. A. Jewett recently walked from Jacksonville, Fla., to his home in Ipswich, Mass., over 1,000 miles, in 49 days. May be he did so.

ADVICES from Australia state that another match has been arranged between E. Trickett and W. Beach for £100 (\$2,000), to be rowed over the champion course.

FRANK E. Holmes, the disqualified Boston amateur, is anxious to row either Brightwell or Langan, the English scullers who are coming to this country.

MIS CARRIE GILMORE won the ladies' contest for the Bigelow medal and the championship of New England, at the Bigelow rink, Worcester, Mass., recently.

J. A. ST. JOHN, of St. Louis, offers to back Jacob Gandau against Austin Stevenson, of Vallejo, Cal., \$250 a side, the race to be rowed at Creve Coeur lake, near St. Louis.

THE time and place for holding the National Amateur Regatta are yet to be named by the association. Watkins, N. Y., and Oak Point, N. Y., are in line for the regatta.

WILLIAM REESE and David Edwards, the pugilists of Plymouth, Pa., who recently engaged in a prize fight, have been held for \$1,000 to answer the charges against them.

THE owner of Kansas' trotting stallion, Robert McGregor, expresses a desire to measure strides with either Director or Phyllis for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side. He says McGregor can beat 213.

AT Meridian Hall, Chicago, on April 21, Jack Rabshaw, of Cleveland, defeated Lew More, of Chicago, a wrestling collar-and-elbow, "Police Gazette" rules. Capt. James Dalton was referee.

AT Boston, on April 21, the glove contest between Woolf Bando, of London, Eng., and Jerry Murphy, of Bangor, Me., ended in a draw. Murphy stands 5 ft 11 in in height, and weighs 230 lbs.

IN England the amateur boxing championships had the untold return: W. Hutchings won the light-weight event, H. G. Kinlock that for middle weights, and W. A. J. West the heavy-weight contest.

SAM MERRITT, of Bridgeport, Conn., who won second money, \$7,500, in the Astley Belt contest in New York four years ago, is now the leading sporting man in Bridgeport, and keeps the Hotel Brunswick in that city.

THE bill excluding bicycles from the public highways of Kentucky, which passed the lower house last week, died in the Senate, and another was passed making riders responsible for damages caused by their carelessness.

THE Manhattan Athletic Club announces open spring handicap games at their grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, on May 31, commencing at 3 P. M. Ten events will be given, the entries to which close May 24.

THE Japanese wrestler, while in Cleveland, stopped at Dunca C. Ross' residence, on Ontario street. He made himself sociable by putting the mural paintings and frescoes and half the plastering off the parlor walls.

THE ever-blooming Harry Webb, of Longmont, Col., proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Palace, is in New York. He came on to settle some business of the estate left him by his wife, which amounts to about \$50,000.

JOHN B. VANZANDT, of 317 Broadway, New York, recently presented Richard K. Fox with a remarkably useful and ingenious device, patented under date of Jan. 22, 1894, which is a capital article for any one afraid of burglars.

WAGNER'S Bashaw, 225½, and Gypsy Boy, 223½, the Iowa stallion, are matched to trot for \$1,000 a side. It is proposed to enter the chestnut stallion, Champion, in the race and add an additional \$1,000, giving \$2,000 to the first.

BILLY DACEY, the well-known Greenpoint pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at the Champions' Rest, 233 Bowery, on Wednesday evening, April 30. The wind-ups will be between Pat Scullion and an amateur, and Billy Dacey and Jack Dempsey.

AT San Francisco, on April 20, Harmon was beaten by Kittleman in a 75-yard heat running race for \$200. The first heat was won by Harmon in 7½, and the second and third heats by Kittleman in 7½ and 7½ respectively. Fully 2,000 persons were present.

IT is proposed to hold a professional scullers' race near Calais, Me., on July 21. Hamm, Teemer, Ross, Conley, Hosmer, Ten Eyck, Lee, and all the prominent oarsmen will be invited to compete for the cash prizes, which will, it is said, be worth going for.

CHARLEY MITCHELL says that it is the morning after the fight when a pugilist suffers the most. Every bone in his body aches, he breathes like a leaky blacksmith's bellows, and feels as if he had been struck by a cyclone, or had been the victim of a railroad collision.

HARRY DUNN, the Cumberland wrestler, who stands 5 ft 10½ in in height, easily defeated Herbert A. Slade, at San Francisco, in a wrestling match, Cumberland style. Dunn won the first fall in 3m 40s, the second 1:4m 13s, the third in 2m 40s, the fourth in 4m 30s, and the fifth in 5m 30s.

THE Virginia Amateur Association will hold its annual regatta at Norfolk, Va., July 4. The following clubs will be represented in the four-oared gig race: Cockade City and Appomattox clubs of Petersburg; Rivers, at the University of Virginia; Olympics, of Richmond, and Norfolks, of Norfolk.

AT Youngstown, Ohio, on April 23, George Ross, of Cleveland, and Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo, wrestled five bouts, mixed style, for \$500, and Gallagher won. Ross stepped to the front of the stage and challenged Gallagher to meet him again in the same style for \$500 a side, which Gallagher accepted.

HUGHEY MCCOY, the clever light-weight pugilist of Philadelphia, will give a grand sparring and athletic exhibition at Arthur Soudan's Olympic Sporting House, 103 Bowery, on Tuesday evening, May 6. A purse of \$25 is offered Frank White if he can best Charley McCoy, 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules.

WE had a call from Prof. Wm. Clark, the veteran boxer, who at one time was considered the champion boxer of the world. He informs us that he has opened the Clark House at Huntington, L. I., and it will be kept open all season. The Clark House is situated on East Neck, and it is a beautiful resort.

The glove fight between Harry Woodson, alias the "Black Diamond," and Tom Robinson, the Springfield colored pugilist, who were to fight at Columbus, Ohio, was declared off. Woodson said that the backers of Robinson wanted to make the affair a hippodrome, and he wouldn't have it that way, and withdrew.

THE steamship Oregon, of the Gulon Line, has just beaten the former best record of time between England and America. She left Queenstown, Ireland, at 32 minutes past 6 o'clock on April 13, 1894, and arrived off Fire Island, N. Y., on April 19, at 4:42 P. M. The Oregon made the trip in 6 days 10h 30m, sailing 2,561 miles.

AT Antonio, Texas, on Sunday, April 20, Herbert Aston and Frank Edwards fought, according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$500. The pugilists fought 5 rounds, when Edwards cross-butted Aston and threw him so heavily that he was unable to fight any longer, and Edwards was declared the winner.

MORRIS GRANT, the ex-champion colored heavy-weight boxer, boxed with Tom White at Germania Assembly Rooms, Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, New York, on April 23. It was Grant's benefit, and he offered any colored pugilist \$53 if they could best them with the gloves, but nobody responded to the call.

OUR "regular mahogany stock" soldiers at West Point are beginning to see that the fist sometimes is "mightier than the sword." The navy fellows at Annapolis are a long way ahead of the West Pointers in glove practice. So says Col. Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, equal in his admiration of plety and pugilism.

AT Joe Denning's exhibition, at Wood's Athletic Club Grounds, Brooklyn, E. D., April 21, Charley Mitchell was on hand to box with Denning. Serjt. Reardon, however, put in an appearance and informed Denning that it would be his duty to prevent any exhibition of boxing on the part of professionals, as any such exhibition would be a clear violation of a city ordinance.

THE sub-committee of the National Amateur Athletic Association, at a meeting held April 13, decided: "That upon all the charges made against Mr. L. E. Myers and all the testimony submitted in support of the charges, the opinion of this committee is that Mr. L. E. Myers has not violated the definition of an amateur as adopted by this National Association of Amateur Athletes."

THE Sporting Life, London, says: "A gentleman of Northampton, hearing so much of the abilities of Dick Roberts, Pat Perry and Young Picton, of London, would like to match Young Hibbert, of Northampton (late of London), to box either of them for a trophy value £25 or £50 a side. Articles and a deposit to the Sporting Life will insure a match. Business only is meant."

WALLACE ROSS, the coming champion oarsman of the world, is now in St. John, N. B. He will make Pilkington & Nagle's Golden Oar his headquarters for a few days, and then, under the mentorship of Fred. A. Plaisted, will go into strict training at Oak Point, N. Y., for his race with Charles E. Courtney, which will be rowed at Oak Point Course on Decoration Day, May 30.

AT Union Hall, Cambridgeport, Mass., on May 7, John Kilrain and Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, are to box four three-minute rounds. Kilrain is the pet boxer of New England, and James Keenan has a standing challenge to match him against any man in the world, bar Sullivan. The contest between Kilrain and Sheriff will be well worth looking at, for both pugilists will do their best.

THE prize fight between Duncan McDonald, of Butte City, Montana, and Pete McCoy, of New York, is to be decided on May 19, within 100 miles of Butte City. The pugilists are to fight according to the London prize ring rules for \$2,000. McDonald will enter the ring at 172 lbs, his antagonist at 157. Notwithstanding the discrepancy in weight, McCoy seems confident of his ability to whip McDonald.

NED MALLAHAN and Hial H. Stoddard desire us to thank, through the POLICE GAZETTE, the following gentlemen for courtesies shown them while in Pittsburgh: Messrs. Wilkins, of the Commercial Gazette; Bixby, of the Dispatch; Fulworth, of the Leader; James Devoe, Tony Newell, John F. Donohue, Dan Early, Squire John A. Strahan, John E. Jasper, C. M. Spencer, Jerry Coughlin, and last, but not least, Capt. Thomas F. Hughes.

AT Indianapolis, Ind., on April 21, the wrestling match between Matseda Rogeree Sorakiehl, the "Police Gazette" champion wrestler, and Duncan C. Ross, the all-round champion athlete, attracted a large crowd. The first round—catch-as-catch-can—was won by Ross in 16m 20s. The second round—Japanese fashion—was won by the Jap in 2s. The third round—catch-as-catch-can—was won by Ross; time, 15m 20s. The fourth round—Japanese style—was won by the Jap; time, 4m. For the fifth round Ross won the toss and chose catch-as-catch-can as the style for the bout, which he won in 36m after a very hard struggle.

CAPT. JAMES C. DALY called on Richard K. Fox on April 21. He had just returned from Pittsburgh, in which city he fought 4 rounds with Hial H. Stoddard, the Syracuse Wonder, on April 21. Daly denied he was beaten by Stoddard. He claims that there is no pugilist in America can defeat him, either by "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules, and that he is willing to fight any man in the world, barring John L. Sullivan. Further, Daly claims that Thomas Hughes, the referee, did not give any decision, and that there was no truth in the report that he decided Stoddard the winner.

THE Journal of the telegraph operators of the Manhattan R. R. Co. publishes the following: "To Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York:

"The telegraph operators of the Manhattan Railway Company extend your thanks for the very generous and beautiful medal presented them, to be competed for at their games on May 7, at Sulzer's Park, and, whoever may be the fortunate winner of the same, it will be a memento of one who always takes a kind interest in the welfare of the employees of the elevated railroad."

PATSY HOGAN was tendered a benefit at the Standard theatre, San Francisco, on April 13, where a very successful athletic exhibition was given. The first event was between Clarence Whistler and Harry Dunn, in which each won a fall, Whistler in Greco-Roman and Dunn in Cumberland style. The next was collar-and-elbow wrestling between George Wright and Richard Roberts, the latter winning the match by two falls to one. June Dennis and Jim Hall, both colored, then sparred four three-minute rounds of Queensberry rounds. After a series of sparring matches Martin Murphy was awarded the gold medal for the middle-weight championship of California.

AT the Epsom Spring meeting, London, England, on April 22, the race for the Hildesdown Plate of 200 sovereigns was won by J. Gerton's four-year-old brown colt Henley, F. T. Walton's three-year-old chestnut colt Hopel second, and Mr. Manton's three-year-old bay filly Gang Warly third. There were seven starters. The race for the great Metropolitan Stakes was won by Mr. Lefevre's three-year-old bay colt Zadi; Mr. Cumberland's three-year-old bay filly See See, second, and the Duke of Hamilton's three-year-old bay colt Loch Ranza, third. There were ten starters, including Mr. F. T. Walton's chestnut mare Girdle. Zadi won by a head.

A PROPOSITION to put an oyster poultrie on the banded eye of poverty is made in the following communication:

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: I will open 2,000 oysters against J. J. Gillen, the winner of the recent oyster opening contest at 412 Grand street, the contest to take place at some hall in this city, the proceeds of admission, less expenses, to go to some charitable institution, each man to find his own oysters and tools to open them with. New York style to govern, that is with straight knife and standing position.

WM. C. ANDERSON, 8 Greenwich avenue, city.

IN order to promote the breeding of bull-dogs in America, Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to offer a valuable gold-and-silver dog-collar, as a special prize at the annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club, held at Madison Square Garden. The trophy will be known as the "Police Gazette" Champion Dog-collar, and will be awarded to the best American-bred bull-dog. There will be no restriction to size, weight or color. The trophy is now being manufactured by D. Keller, 21 John street, and when finished will be placed on exhibition. In the coming kennel show at Madison Square Garden there will be great competition for the trophy between Barnard, of Boston, and Patterson, of New York.

AT Philadelphia, on April 22, Dennis Kelleher, of Richmond, and Frank Herald, of Nicetown, were to spar 4 rounds, Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side and the door receipts. They met in an up-town hall, "Nitchie" Golden seconded Kelleher, who weighed about 200 lbs., and Frank Hastings looked after Herald, who weighed about 170 lbs. J. Ryan was referee and Jack Tully time-keeper. There was some hard hitting in the beginning, and a clinch was followed by a fall in Herald's favor. As Kelleher rose to his feet he knocked Herald down, and when the latter sprang up floored him again. Soon after the men were at close quarters, when Kelleher landed a swinging right-hand blow on the Nicetown man's jaw. He fell senseless, and did not recover in time to continue the fight.

THE telegraph operators of the Manhattan R. R. Co., give a picnic and athletic games at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, 104 Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, East river, on Wednesday, May 7, 1894. The following contests are on the programme: 1st. 100-yard run; 2d. One-half mile run; 3d. One-mile run; 4th. One-mile walk; 5th. Two-mile run; 6th. Two-mile race; 7th. One-mile run; 8th. Four-mile run. The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, and 7th races are open to all amateurs. Entrance fee, 50 cents. Close May 1, with Lawrence Hynes, operator, Forty-second street and Third avenue. The 5th and 8th races will be the special features of the day, the one for a prize presented by the Empire Med. Plaster Co., and the other for a \$50 gold medal, presented by Richard K. Fox. These two open to none but employees of the road. Admission to Park, 50 cents.

AT Billy Madden's Athletic Hall, Thirteenth street, New York, on April 24, Patrick J. Ring, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, of Staten Island, and Patrick Crowley, of New Haven, Conn., wrestled collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls. "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100. The match was a bona fide affair, and created no little interest. Crowley stands 5 ft 11 in in height and weighs about 100 lbs. Ring stands 5 ft 8 in in height and weighs 100 lbs. The first bout lasted 1h and 20m, when Crowley threw Ring. The latter's two hips and one shoulder struck the floor, and Crowley was awarded the fall. In the second bout weight told, and Crowley threw Ring after wrestling 15m, and W. E. Harding, the referee, selected by Richard K. Fox, who had the appointing of that official, declared Crowley the winner. Ring is a capital wrestler at his weight, but he was too heavily handicapped.

IT is now almost certain that the great match between William Steele, of Bloomsbury, Pa., and T. C. Herbert, of Covington, Ky., the two latest runners in America, who recently made a match to run 10 miles for \$1,000 at Bloomsbury, Pa., on May 3, will end in Steele receiving forfeit. Herbert, it appears, was taken sick while training, and will not be able to run. He offered Steele every inducement to postpone the race, agreeing to pay Steele's expenses for training, and increase the stakes from \$500 to \$1,000 a side, but Steele refused. We received a copy of a certificate from D. E. Davis, M. D., of Covington, Ky., proving that Herbert was suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and we forwarded Steele a copy, but he insisted that Herbert should either run or forfeit. We hold the stakes, or, at least, the first deposit, and if Herbert refuses to run, all we can do is to award them to Steele. It is a pity that the race is likely to fall through, for it would have been an interesting one. No one can blame Steele for claiming forfeit, which he is entitled to according to the articles of agreement.

THE following explains itself:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, NEW YORK, April 24, 1894.

Articles of Agreement, entered into this 24th day of April, 1894, between Robert Winstanley and an Unknown, who hereby agree to dance, Lancashire style, to a finish, for the sum of \$250 a side. The man showing best style, time, execution and endurance to be declared the winner. The men to toss for choice as to who shall dance first; Harry Kernell to be referee; the judges to be selected on the occasion of the match; the match to be danced at Dan Kelly's Front Street theatre, Baltimore, Md., Wednesday afternoon, May 7, 1894. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) aside is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, the temporary stakeholder. The final deposit of \$150 a side to be deposited with Lawrence Marmine, the final stakeholder, on Monday, May 5, between 1 and 2 P. M., at the POLICE GAZETTE office. The man absent shall forfeit the money down.

WILLIAM MURPHY, FOR UNKNOWN.

Witness: ROBERT WINSTANLEY.

ED. HANLEY.

THE following is the full record of Samuel Day, the English pedestrian, who is entered for the six-day race at Madison Square Garden: Samuel Day, of Birmingham, England, born at Kingston on Thames, England, Sept. 17, 1862, height 5 ft 3 in, weight about 9 st 12 lbs in condition. Won six-day race, go-as-you-please, 14h per day, 402 miles, 1870, at Dundee, Scotland; won at Birmingham, 14h per day, 6 days, 405 miles, 1879; won at Wolverhampton, 300 miles, 6 days, 12h per day, 1879; won at Sheffield, 373 miles, 1882, 12h per day, "bell"; won at Moseley, Birmingham, 1882, 12h per day, 370 miles; won match against time, London, 1879, 82 miles in 14h, Mr. J. Sullivan and G. Hazael backing time; won second prize in 75-hour race that was won by H. Vaughan, at Manchester, 1890; second to G. Parry, at Hull, 1878, 14h per day, 383, six days; second to G. Littlewood, Birmingham, 12h per day, 377 miles, 1892; second to G. Noremac, in 12h per day, Bristol, Noremac 333, Day 330, 1893; third in championship race won by Blower Brown, in 1890, Brown 538, Hazael 480, Day 460; second to O. Hancock, Lincoln, 1877, 12h per day, walking 333 miles; second to Noremac, at Newport, Wales, 1880; third to Noremac, at Birmingham, 1881, 12h per day, 333 miles; second to Littlewood, at Sheffield, Dec. 1883.

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: Geo. D. Noremac, pedestrian; Tom McAlpine, Mike Cleary, champion middle-weight pugilist of the world; Wm. McLaughlin, Johnny Saunders, J. L. Kernan, Baltimore, Md.; H. E. Fuller, artist; Steve O'Donnell, Ed. Hagerity, E. O. Raymond, John D. Van Sauer, James Patterson, Thos. Kearns, Ed. Hanley, Dan J. Murphy, James Cavanagh, Michael Curry, Geo. E. Sanis, Wm. Lees, champion swimmer; Harry Vaughan, pedestrian; Sam Day, pedestrian, Birmingham, Eng.; Geo. W. Rippe, Baltimore, Md.; Gus Phillips, Ooty Goot; Martin Dempsey, Wm. McCoy, Harry Webb, proprietor "Police Gazette" Palace, Longmont, Col.; Frank Stevenson, John Devenney, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Harry Munson, Bob Smith, Wm. De Nolette, ex-champion bicyclist; Henry Martin, Henry King, C. B. Harl ton, Tom Murphy, S. H. Lewicky, John Kernell, comedian; Robt. Winstanley, champion Lancashire dancer; John Craig, Frank Chrysler, Capt. James C. Daly, Jack Dempsey, Ed. Mallahan, James Murray, Wm. Watson, Walter S. Appleton, Charley McCoy, Hughey McCoy, Tommy Barnes, Capt. Erb, 12 engine; Pat McKenna, late of Patsy Hogan's, San Francisco, Cal.; Ed. McGill, publisher City Court Record; Wm. F. Ralston, Brazil; John S. Cunningham, Pay Director U. S. Navy; Richard Yarwood, Lew Brown, Jersey City; August Schmidt, Henry C. Erbs, James B. Elliott.

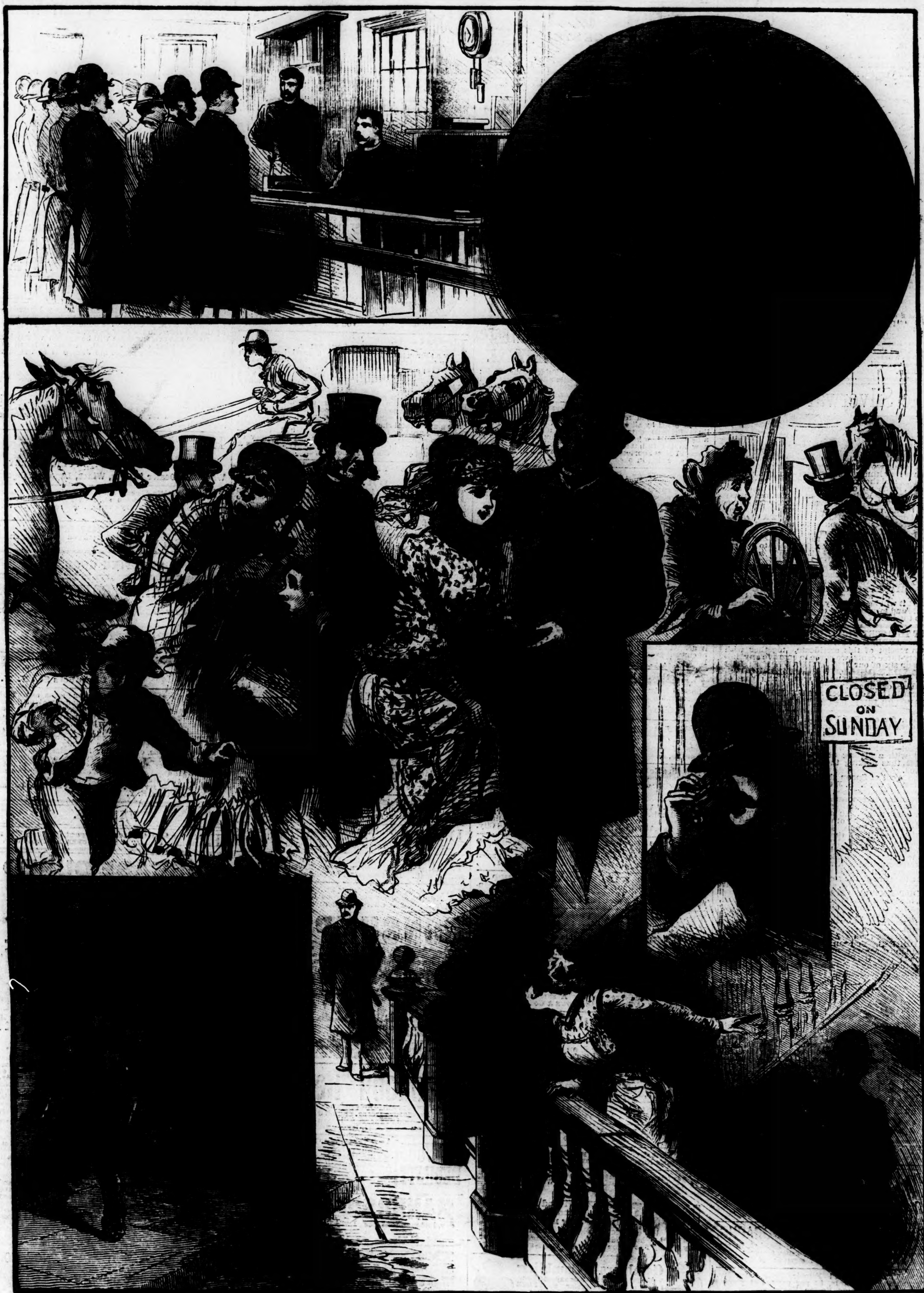
THERE was a slashing glove fight at the Champions' Rest, Bowery, New York, on April 21, between Harry Street, alias "Shells," and George Dufresne (young Dixey). The pugilists fought for a purse, according to the "Police Gazette" Revised rules. The gloves used were small three-ounce mittens. The agreement originally was that if Shells could not "stop" Dixey in 6 rounds he was to receive \$50 from the latter young gentleman; but the interest centered in the fight brought the amount up to a much larger figure. Pat Oakley seconded Street and Frank White performed a similar office for Dixey, while Tom McManus was time-keeper. The fight was well contested during the first 5 rounds. In the sixth round Street was in a pitiable condition when time was called. It was evident that he would not last much longer. He was very groggy. His face was cut and bleeding, and his lips were swollen, and the left eye was nearly closed. Both fighters came to close quarters immediately, and "give and take" was the feature, neither gaining any decided advantage, although it was clearly Dixey's fight, he having performed more largely with his "bunch of fives," yelet hands, than his opponent. The referee decided it a draw, although he gave credit to Dixey's superior science and endurance. There were fully 500 people present.

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The Muster at the Station-house.—A Burglar on the Roof.—On the Broadway Squad.—The Copper's Cocktail.—"The Roundaman's Coming."—A Stern Chase.